MARTYRED ARMENIA

AND

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

KRIKOR GAYJIKIAN

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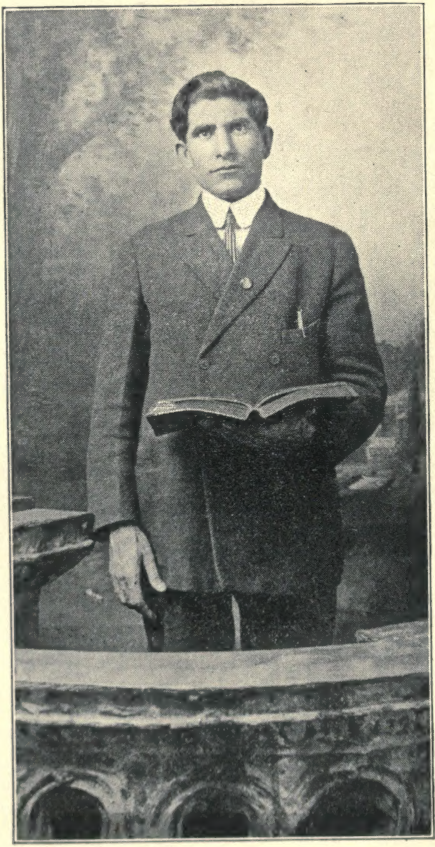

KRIKOR GAYJIKIAN

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AND

The Story of My Life

BY

KRIKOR GAYJIKIAN

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Cincinnati, O., May 17, 1920

To Whom It May Concern:

We hereby wish to recommend K. Gayjikian, a native of Armenia, as being a young man of good Christian Character. He came to us in the School about 7 years ago, knowing very little of American customs. During that time, he has proved himself to be a devoted lover of the Lord Jesus Christ both by his life and his testimony.

At this time he is representing the needs of his native people, who are in great suffering at this time, and we are not afraid to guarantee that anything given to him will surely be used to help relieve the awful suffering of the Armenian people. Brother Gayjikian's book gives a full description of the great need of his people. Surely there never was a better opportunity to prove the promise, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

May the Lord bless and lead you at this time.

Your Brother in Christ,

M. G. STANDLEY.

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INTRODUCTION

It is with great pleasure that I have undertaken to write this book and present it to the public. I have felt for the past few years that the Lord would have me write a story of my life and I have at last succeeded. In presenting this book to the public I am not sending it forth with any other desire but that it shall accomplish the purpose for which it is designed by God. May the Lord Himself richly bless you as you read it, and may you be benefited by the same, is the prayer of the author. Then, in connection with this book, I want to present to you the truth of the Armenians and their treatment by the Turks.

There are four questions I want to ask and answer in this brief prelude to the Armenians. (1) Who are the Armenians? (2) What is the difference between the Armenians and the Turks? (3) What do they believe? and (4) Why do the Turks persecute the Armenians?

Armenian history dates back to the time of Christ. They were among the first to accept the teachings of Jesus Christ. In the fourth century, according to Church History, the Bible was translated into the Armenian language. Armenia was Christianized by Gregory, the Illuminator, in the fourth century. A large Christian literature was established.

The Turks in religion are Mohammedan. They accept the teachings of Mohammed. But the Armenians are generally recognized as a Christian nation. They accept the Bible as the word of God. But in manner of life they are very different. Turkish people are nearly all confined to farming and herding. They are not fond of work. The women generally do a great deal of the work. The women are on a low level. The Turks are characterized as proud and defiant. In nature they are very cruel. They are hygienical and therefore are strong physically.

The Armenians are not lazy, but like to work. They are also very hygienical. The men are held just a little higher than the women; but the women are not treated in any way disrespectful. In nature they are quiet and peace loving. They are careful of their earnings. They are highly intelligent, love their country, and are a very home-loving people. As a general rule they are at peace among themselves.

In belief the Turks are Mohammedan generally. They believe there is one God and Mohammed is his prophet. Their scriptures are the Koran. Christ is merely a good man and exemplary. They believe none go to Heaven but Mohammedans. Every woman goes to hell. Women are devils because Eve sinned first. Women are not allowed in the temple. Divorces are very numerous. They believe that in the next world there will be a general judgment and they accept the theory that whichever portion of the body sins, that portion washed with water will be cleansed and the sin forgiven. Their prayer must be on time or it is not answered. They are very devout in their worship. They believe in a licentious heaven, where each one who is faithful will have forty girls as his own.

The Armenians accept the teachings of the Bible and are accepting the teachings of the Trinity, the Resurrection of the dead, the Atonement, Heaven and Hell, Judgment to come, the Second Coming of Christ, and the eternal verities.

The Turks persecute the Armenians because they do not accept the teachings of Mohammedanism and accept the teachings of Christ. They persecute them because they believe the more they kill of the Christians the more they shall be rewarded in the next world. They are afraid that if they allow them to go on they will some day become a mighty nation and will then take the power from them. The last reason is because they are very jealous because the Armenians are intelligent, prosperous in business, and are industrious.

The Armenians have been more or less persecuted by the Turks for the last six hundred years.

At one time they were a nation with a population of about thirty-nine million. Through persecution, wars, deportation and starvation, this number has gradually dwindled. In the last four years, through persecutions, over one million have lost their lives.

Through war in 1895, there were 90,000 killed; in 1908, in the war of Adana, 20,000 were killed; in 1915, in the World War, 1,000,000 lost their lives.

At the present time there are about 1,000,000 left in Turkey, and the majority of these are women and children.

At this time the Armenians need help along every line. They are homeless; many children are left orphans. Multitudes are starving, and there is great need of the Gospel.

The door is wide open for any missionary enterprise. Make this matter a great subject of prayer and then do all in your power along every line to help the Lord answer your prayers.

PART I

CHAPTER I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KRIKOR GAYJIKIAN

In a small town in eastern Turkey girt round with rugged mountains lies a small bungalow of one story in which I was born.

The town was made up of about two hundred of these houses, besides many barns and stables.

On the sides of the hills the shepherds tended their flocks of sheep and goats. In the outskirts of the town grazed the cattle. In the spring of the year the shepherds all lived in tents on the sides of the mountains, and they and their families lived on the milk of the sheep, goats and buffalo and what little wheat, corn, barley, beans, potatoes and tomatoes that they could raise. In the winter all moved down into the town, leaving several shepherds to care for the flocks.

Oxen and buffaloes were used for threshing wheat, drawing wagons and plowing the fields.

One evening in the autumn of 1895, just before the sun went down, when everyone was busy about his regular work and completing the tiresome duties of the day, a dark cloud of dust was seen rapidly approaching from the south. The people finally discovered that the cloud of dust was made by a body of Turkish soldiers.

The town was in confusion. People were running hither and thither gathering up their scanty belongings and starting for the hills.

There were five members of my family, including myself. We took all we could carry of our household goods and started for the mountains with the rest of the townspeople. After walking all evening we became tired and stopped for the night. The next morning we were awakened by the cries of the children, who were cold and hungry, and were in need of shoes and clothing. The snow was falling faster and faster.

We looked back toward the town and beheld a sight that struck terror to our hearts. The Turks had set the town on fire and were shooting those who were unable to escape the night before, and those who had been so tired from their work that they were unable to keep up with the others who escaped. Children, women and men, both young and old, were mercilessly slain in cold blood. Those who had not gone far enough from their enemies were seized in their slumberings upon the ground and killed. With heavy hearts we walked through the snow and cold to a town thirty miles distant, called Furnez. Here we rested for a few days, purchased a horse and left for Zeitun, the little children riding on the horse. Upon arriving at this city we found that there were people there from about twenty-five or thirty towns, who had been driven from their homes by Turkish soldiers. We lived for a while on the outskirts of the city and beheld day after day Armenian refugees coming into the city with all their belongings on their backs, and weeping and wailing for their loved ones who had been killed by the Turks.

I begged bread from day to day, and in that way kept our bodies and souls together until we were compelled to move into the city, because the Turks were surrounding it and our quarters were becoming more and more unsafe. The churches, school houses and all the public buildings were crowded with refugees, but we finally obtained shelter in an old abandoned cellar, where there were already five or six families.

This cellar was dark, damp and dungeon-like, with no windows, no door, and no floor. We slept on the ground with hardly enough covering to keep ourselves warm. For three months we had only dough to eat, made of corn meal mixed with a little butter, no water to wash in, no clothes to change. All three of us children became sick, having contracted colds and fever. My brother and sister died and all hopes of my recovery were vanishing, but mother was determined that I should live.

Mother being of the Greek Catholic faith, told the Lord that she would offer to Him a sacrifice of one goat if He would heal my body from these terrible diseases or plagues. Shortly after the Lord undertook and raised me up from my bed of affliction.

About this time the suffering in the city was terrible. Women went about fasting and praying for deliverance from the Turks, while the men who were yet quite strong, fought the enemy with a fixed determination to overcome.

Outside the city the Turks were suffering fiercely from the cold and lack of food. Many were taken sick and died.

When peace was declared, the rejoicing was great. Missionaries came to the city bringing us clothes, food and money. One of the missionaries came into the city accompanied by a colored man with a great pack on his back. This was the first colored man I had ever seen, and I was very much frightened at first, as everyone thought that he was a Turk; but when he opened his pack and began going from house to house, giving every member of every house a silver Turkish dollar, the rejoicing was beyond description.

During the war ninety thousand Armenians had been killed by the Turks, but God in His infinite mercy saw fit to spare my life, and the lives of my father and mother.

For two or three days we lived on the outskirts of the town again, living on greens, which we picked and cooked, and then decided to go back to our homes and try to rebuild the spot that remained dear in our memories.

We were about three days in traveling from Zeitun to the place where our beloved Gaban once stood, and when we arrived found nothing but charred ruins all around. Locating with little difficulty the place where our house had once stood, we dug in the ashes and found some flour which had been burned black. However, we took this black flour and made it into bread.

In a few days some missionaries came and furnished us with clothes and money enough to keep us from being naked and starving to death.

All of the people cleared away the ashes and ruins and began to rebuild. Trees were cut and the work started. The houses were built of stone with two rooms. The roof was made of wooden beams, covered with earth. The two rooms were divided into halves. One-half of one room was occupied by the donkey and ox; the other half was filled with hay. The goats occupied the other half room with the family. The family ate, lived and slept on the floor in their part of the structure.

At mealtime all gathered around the large bowl which was put in the middle of the floor, filled with food. Each one squatted on the ground floor and ate out of the bowl with his hands, unless there was soup, then wooden spoons were used. If there was not enough spoons, one waited until the other had finished and then took his turn eating. It was one mile to the nearest spring, where water could be procured for use both for washing and cooking purposes. Every other week water was carried from the spring to wash clothes. We took a bath about four or five times a year.

Early in the morning I would go up into the hills and cut wood, then carry it home on my back, with a supply of leaves for the goats. This was quite an enjoyable occupation in the summer time, but in the winter my feet suffered severely from the cold, they being protected by only a thin moccasin made of buffalo skin, tied on with a piece of string.

By this time the missionaries who had come into the town shortly after the war, had established schools and churches in the town. I attended the school for several years and one day went to the church. The singing and music attracted my attention, and I continued to go Sunday after Sunday. The missionary gave me a New Testament printed in the Armenian language, and I loved to read about Jesus, the story of His life and how He died on the cross for my sins. Upon professing to love Jesus and believing on Him, I was taken into the church.

Shortly after this my father went to the church and heard the missionary preach a sermon on becoming like little children in order to get into the kingdom of heaven. He became so troubled over this sermon on account of not being able to understand how he could become a little child again, that he lost his mind and in a short while died.

I remember one day after my father died, that I got an egg. This was such a luxury that I divided the egg in half and ate half at one meal, with two pans of bread, and the other half at the next meal with two more pans of bread. My mother was kept very busy patching up my clothes; they had so many patches on them it was a difficult job to find the clothes.

One winter morning we awoke to find everything dark, and upon going to the door to see what was the matter, found that it had been snowing during the night and the wind had blown the snow up against our house, completely covering it up.

Mother taught me the Lord's Prayer and another prayer which was, "Lord supply our needs like you are supplying the blind wolf's needs." One day she explained this little prayer to me and this is how it is: There was once a shepherd who was constantly losing sheep from his flock. One day he determined to find out the reason for the disappearance of these sheep, and discovered that when he started to drive the sheep home, that one of them turned around and went in the opposite direction. Immediately he left the flock and followed the straying sheep. Over hills and through valleys he trudged until at last the sheep entered a cave. There, in the cave, was a blind wolf. The Lord had been sending these sheep to the cave to supply the needs of the blind wolf.

At this time meat was very cheap, selling at two or three cents a pound; but we were unable to buy it, as we were very poor. I went over to the spring and set traps to catch birds.

One day when I was out with the traps, a boy came and told me that my mother wanted me. Immediately he said that, I felt a sensation go through me that I had never felt before—neither could I describe it. I realized that something serious must have happened. When I asked him if she was dead, he told me a lie, and said that she was not, but just wanted to see me. I cried all the way home. When I arrived, there was mother cold in death. My only and best friend that I ever had in the world could answer my calls no more. My heart was broken, and it was a long time before I recovered from the shock.

Having lost my mother, father, brother and sister, I was now alone in the world, with no one to love me or take care of me. I decided to go to a city which was four days' walk from where I was. The name of this city was Adana.

When I arrived in Adana I was offered a job plowing from sunrise to sunset, at a rate of eighteen dollars for seven months. I worked at this job for about three weeks, and then left and went into the city. From then on I worked on the streets of the city, selling candy and doing odd jobs for a living. An old inn afforded me shelter during the nights. There were anywhere from five to ten roommates with me every night, and we all slept on the floor, pestered continually by many busy vermin. Many times I was bothered while sitting in church by these little annoyers.

One day as I was walking along the street, I saw some people going into a show, and I decided that I would go in, too, as I had never been in a show in my life. I went in and as a result, had to do without many comforts and buy cheap clothes.

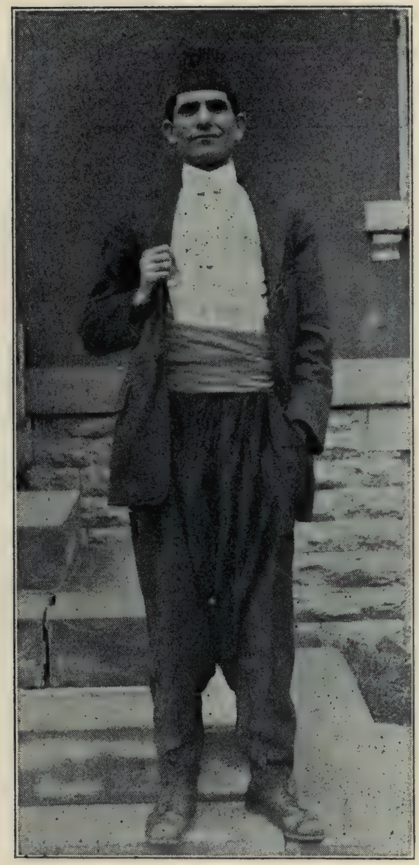
While in Adana I noticed the people were beginning to seclude themselves; the stores were closed, and there were very few people on the streets, and soon war broke out in this place. There were more Turkish people in this city than Armenians. In a few days after we were told that the war was over and peace was declared. The Turks took all the arms from the Armenians, and then they started the war again, leaving us in a predicament. I went to a church, then to a missionary home, but a fire broke out next door at night, and I was afraid and went out down through a dark alley, walked around and found another place, and tried to find shelter behind a wall around the church. During the night the houses of the Armenians around where I was were fired, and many people were burned up. Many were trying to find shelter inside the walls in the place where I was. Many were killed by the Turks in this raid. People had no place to sit down, nor food to eat, nor water to drink. It was a terrible wail that went up from that crowd. It was a hard thing to tell which were the rich people and which were the poor—all had been reduced to the same level.

When morning came, one stranger on horseback came and took the people away in crowds to a place resembling our parks, and put them inside a wall. While here there was a message sent to the Turkish government, telling how many of the people were left, and demanding instructions as to the disposition of them. The message came back that we were to be set at liberty. The suffering had been so great during this period of the war that many thousands of the children died. I had but one dollar in my pocket, and went to selling buttermilk. This was the second time that the Lord spared me from the hands of the cruel Turk.

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION

After the war the foreign missionaries came to our assistance again and gave us the things we needed. That year I left this city and came back to my home town. I went to my cousin's home and stayed with him. Then I found out that the church had changed preachers. The new preacher was so different from the former man that we noticed that he must have what I afterward learned was salvation. He was a very earnest man, and visited all the homes in the town and talked to the people, and had meetings in the streets. His sermons always touched me, and the truth went home to my heart and I became hungry for something to satisfy me. One Sunday he preached from the text, Isaiah 55:1-2. The Lord applied the truth to my heart, and I began to see that I had indeed been in that kind of a place where I had spent my money for that which did not satisfy me. This man was praying for me.



KRIKOR GAYJIKIAN
"Pray for the Armenians"

Pastor and Relatives of Krikor Gayjikian

One day while I was sitting in a store, the minister came and saw me and inquired what I was doing. He asked me to follow him, and I went to his room with him and he began to tell me the way of salvation. After the message from him he invited me to prayer and after we prayed I felt better. He asked me if I was saved, and I told him I was, but I knew that there was a reservation in my heart. It was an experience that reminds me now of the time when the Lord was talking to Peter and Cornelius, at the time when Peter went to him and preached to him, and the Holy Spirit fell on all that were in the house.

I had a good opinion of myself and thought I was a "good sort of a fellow," but when I began to look into the mirror of the Lord, I found out that I was a lost man, and needed something in my heart. I was hungry for salvation, and went outside of the town at intervals and sought for it, but I was ignorant and did not have the proper instruction, and did not know how to get what my heart longed for. I did not get through, but kept on seeking. The town being situated on a hill, it afforded me a grand opportunity to get out alone and pray.

I went to a certain home and when I got there I heard this preacher's voice, and did not go in because I had told him an untruth. I turned around and went back.

The evening of March 1st, 1910, I was sitting in my cousin's home. We were sitting on the floor (having no chairs) after supper, and my heart was heavy, but I was thinking and not praying. Something took place and I felt so much better. The burden and the heaviness left, and I thought I was in heaven. It was such a transformation that I was overwhelmed with joy at the thought. The change was such that I was certain that I had that for which my heart had been longing, and for which I had sought. It was so real that it will be impossible for me to forget it, even if I should live to be a thousand years old. That night when I retired I did not sleep well, for I was so happy. I dreamed that night that I saw a gate and on the other side of it, trees and beautiful flowers and grass. It was so beautiful that it would be impossible to express it in words. Someone by my side told me that this was the door to heaven and I never forgot that. When morning came I was so happy I hardly knew what to do with myself, and went out singing and having a good time on the porch.

I went into the street with the New Testament and began to tell the people about Jesus, and how He had saved me from my sins. I began to get a testimony together, for I wanted to tell my experience in the church. When I got there I was not able to read it as I wanted to, and I put it to one side and told them what the Lord had done for me. Some of the people did not like it the way I testified, but that did not stop me. The preacher told me that he was sure I had the "real thing" this time.

In about six months I began to plan to come to America. But the obstacles seemed so great that it would be impossible for me to do so. Some people from my town were planning to come to the United States, and I wanted to come with them.

CHAPTER III

MY JOURNEY TO AMERICA

Previous to this time when there was a man child born into an Armenian home they had to pay a royalty to the Turkish Government. But after I had planned to come to America, they told me that the Turks had made a new law and the Armenians would have to give of their men for the army. The people told me that I could never get out of the country, for I would have to lie or tell them that I was going somewhere else. But I told them that the Lord could open the way for me, as He had called me to this country. I started to come and it took me four days to go to Adana. When I came there I told a Christian man where I was going, and he tried to discourage me, but it was all in vain. I took the train, went to the port of sailing, bought my ticket, and no one asked me where I was going. So you can readily see how the Lord will undertake for those who will dare to trust Him. At first we took a small ship and it took us thirteen days to get to where we wanted to go. When we got there we had to wait twenty-one days for the large ship which was to take us to our place. A lady who was with me sent to her intended husband in this country a telegram for money, but did not receive it, and I came to her assistance and gave her what money I had, and it left me without any money. We took the ship and were on the way to New York between eighteen and twenty-one days.

I was held at Ellis Island for thirteen days, but because I did not have sufficient money to meet the immigration law requirements, I was deported to Greece. There I was landed in a city named Patria, and was taken by a man to a hotel. The man found out that I had no money, so he let me have a room free of charge, and gave me money to buy something to eat. I sold my watch and went to the city where I had first taken ship for America. I got a job in this city grinding coffee for two meals a day, and had to sleep on the floor, my only covering being an old dirty sack.

Finally I decided and wrote a letter to my cousin in America, who sent me the money to come again to this country.

CHAPTER IV

ARRIVAL AND FIRST GLIMPSE OF AMERICAN LIFE

I embarked and later arrived again at Ellis Island. This time to my great joy I was accepted, and was told to go to New York. When I got through with my examination one man pinned a tag on my coat and put me in a wagon, letting me off at a Greek hotel, where they could speak a little of the Turkish language. I stayed there that night, and the next morning wrote a letter to a friend, telling him that I was in the city and where I could be found. Having done this I went out to see the sights in what I thought to be heaven. The first thing that met my gaze was a great building at which I stared in amazement, wondering how anyone could build anything as big as that. Soon my friend came and took me to his home, where I was given a bath, which was the first one I had received in seven months. My friend, who worked in a factory, was very busy with his work, so he told me to walk over and sit in the park. I walked over to the park, but was afraid to sit down on the benches, for fear someone would come along and charge me something, as I didn't see how those seats could be free. I sat down finally, having decided to risk it, and kept a continual watch out for a collector, but none came.

One week after I arrived I decided to go to see my cousin, who lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. My friend took me down to the railroad station and gave me the necessary instructions about my ticket, and told me not to give anybody any money. He bought me a pie to eat on the train. On the train I tasted the pie, but did not like it.

At last the train arrived at Cincinnati, and the conductor invited me to get off, but I did not think that this was the right place, so I objected, nevertheless he made me to understand that this was the right place. I got off and was met by a cab driver with whom I bargained to take me to my cousin's for a half dollar, this bargain being made in the sign language, one finger a dollar and a half a finger a half a dollar. The cab driver took me to my cousin's house, and we rejoiced to see each other.

Coca-Cola
A-A-CANDY CO.
1085
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Coca-Cola
OH! HOW GOOD
FRESH EVERY HOU

Candy Store Owned by M. Bogosian

My cousin gave me a bath, a shave, a new suit, and I beheld myself a new man. He gave me a job in his store and tried to teach me, little by little, the English language. I worked for him for eleven months at twelve dollars a month. The hours were from seven a. m. until eleven p. m. I had refused to work on Sunday, and he laughed at me because I told him that I had salvation, and could not work on Sunday. He gave me two months to change my mind.

One day I thought I would ride in a street car, but when I wanted to get off I could not ask the conductor to stop the car, and I didn't know anything about pressing the button, so I just jumped off while the car was in motion, and as a result went sprawling in the street.

One day while I was working in my cousin's store, he told me to go across the street to a restaurant and buy my dinner. On entering the cafe I was approached by a lady, asking me what I would have.

In answer I said, "Give me a stew."

She next asked, "What kind?"

I replied, "Any kind." Not knowing but little of the English language, I was forced to answer in that manner.

In a short time she brought me a stew like which I had never eaten before. Not wishing to expose myself to anything harmful, and not wanting to show my ignorance of American manners, I left my oyster stew (as I learned later it was) sitting on the table. I paid for it and walked back to the store as hungry as when I started away. Thus I enjoyed my first public dinner.

Again, to show how unlearned I was to American ways, one evening a friend of mine asked me to go with him to the motion picture show; not knowing what they were, I consented, after he had told me that they were not harmful. On entering the show I saw men, women and all kinds of life so well acted out that I thought it to be true. Seeing a great river I asked my friend if it was real. He told me it was, thus lying to me. Since then I have had no time for a motion picture theater, nor do I think any Christian should have.

One Sunday afternoon I thought I would go to the central part of the city. So walking down the street I saw people singing and testifying. While I could not understand what they sang or said, I felt that they were true followers of Christ. Soon the meeting closed, and the people went inside the building, but I turned away, thinking it was for these people only.

Going up the street farther I came upon another group of Christian workers, dressed in uniforms and caps. They were singing Christian hymns. I knew not one word of the song, but I could tell it was not worldly music. Soon the people went into the hall; so I walked back home. Every Sunday I would return to these places and hear these people, but I never entered into the buildings, because I thought that they were for these workers and for no one else.

Finally I mustered enough courage to go into one of the places—it was George Street Mission. I sat near the back end of the hall. I had never seen such services, where the people prayed on their knees, or where the minister exhorted in such a manner as they did here. The first Sunday I was unnoticed, but the next Sunday a man came to me. I suppose he asked me if I was saved. The only word I knew was (unhu) meaning yes. This I gave in reply to a number of questions which he asked me.

Then I handed him my New Testament in

the Armenian language. He opened it to the Acts of the Apostles. I read it and he knew I was a Christian. But it mattered little what the people would do; I would do the same. When the people stood, I stood; and when they sat, I would sit. Thus was my Christian life until I learned more of the American language and customs.

As I did not know the English language, I was unable to testify. But having so great a desire to tell the people what I had in my heart, I asked my cousin's wife to go with me and interpret what I would say. She would not go, so I wrote it in my own language, and had her translate it into English. The minister read it to the congregation. Thus I gave my first testimony to the American people.

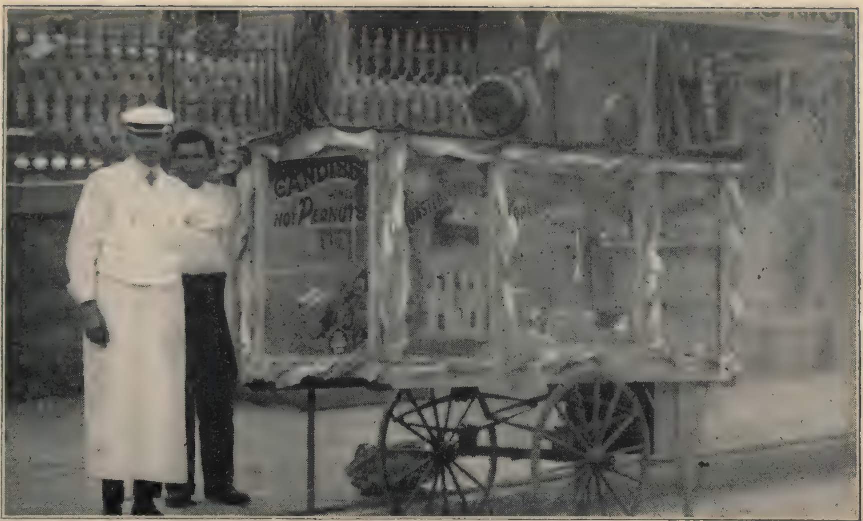
My relatives and friends wanted me to quit going to George Street Mission on account of its location, and to start going to a down-town church. I consented to go with a lady friend one evening. When we reached the church I thought I had never seen such a beautiful carpet. I had never seen a pipe organ or such fine church furniture before. The people seemed to be just shining on the outside, but when it came to testimony meeting, they fell short of the glory of God. So I went back to George Street, where they were not making the outside beautiful, but making the heart pure.

When at last I tried to testify in the English language, there were phrases the people understood. They were, "I'm so glad," and "Day by day," and "Jesus." I had learned these by listening to others testify.

One day I was testifying on a street corner. There happened to be some Armenian people there. They had heard my testimony, and when I reached home they told me I was crazy, because nobody could understand me. But like anyone who has met this wonderful Savior and Friend, I was saved and wanted to tell somebody about it.

During this time, a space of about eleven months, I was working at my cousin's store One day he told me I would have to work or Sundays or quit work. I told him I had no other friend in America than he and the Lord, and that I would trust the Lord for work.

A few days afterwards I saw another Armenian who told me where he was working, and showed me the office of the plant. I told the foreman that I was looking for work, and


CANDIES
HOT PEANUTS

Krikor Gayjikian and His Early Industry in America he asked me what kind I wanted. I told him any kind, and he put me to shoveling sand, a very difficult job. Other men would only work at it for a few days, and then quit, but I kept on working and praising the Lord because He had given me work.

After working for sometime and getting some money, I bought a popcorn stand, and would go about the streets selling popcorn, peanuts, candy and chewing gum. Sometimes I would be standing on the street corner, and the police would tell me to move on. Often I would hear the drum sound at George Street, and I would hurry and wheel my cart to the barn, wash my hands and face and go to the Mission, because there is where I found that which satisfies the heart of the Christian.

One day, later, I attended another mission in the city and embraced the opportunity of telling again the story of my conversion in the best English I could command, which was very little. After the service one of the people came to me and told me that they could not understand what I said. I was obliged to tell them that it was the best I could do under the circumstances, as I did not have sufficient knowledge of the language to testify intelligently.

Some time after a man came into the candy store of my cousin's and asked for me. He asked me if I was saved, and I answered in the affirmative. He then asked me if I spoke in other "tongues," and I was obliged to answer in the negative. Then he turned on me and told me that I was not saved. I asked him where I would go if I died, and he told me, "to hell." But I didn't believe it. I then began to ask him a few questions as to the impossibility of being able to live a Christian life and the utter failure I had made in the attempt. He told me that perhaps I was saved at one time.

I asked this man if he were able to speak in "tongues," and asked him to kindly speak to me in my language—the Armenian—but he was unable to do so. He said he could not speak in that "tongue," but the tongue in which he spoke was an unknown "tongue." I told him that I did not want anything like that.

CHAPTER V

AT GOD'S BIBLE SCHOOL

Through the kindness of Brother Lew Standley I was told of God's Bible School, and I went to my room and began to pray about going to that institution. But when the Lord called me to the School, I told Him that I did not know the language and could not come, but He told me not to fear, for He would be with me. But as usual there was some discouragement, as a Baptist man told me not to come here. He told me that he would give me a furnished room free, and would secure employment for me. I declined his offer with thanks. Then the Salvation Army wanted me to attend their training college in New York City. Up to this time I had contracted a few debts, but had succeeded in paying them all off. I left the pushcart in the stable, and afterwards gave it to the man in charge. All the education I had at this time was what I had learned in one week's attendance at night school. I knew the alphabet and a few words.

I came with an Armenian woman to see Sister Knapp, and she gave me the application blank to fill out. I was unable to fill it out, and a kind friend of mine filled it out for me. I was accepted and came as a worker, five hours a day being the work assigned me. My cousin told me that I should not come here as I would not stay more than two months.

When I came here I was in the class of Junior Theology, which was only learning Scripture verses by memory; but I would go to class and not be able to understand what the teacher was trying to say. This was very hard for me, and at last Sister Peabody came to my rescue and took me to her rooms and told me a few things. In fact, she taught me like one would teach a child. She pointed out to me the different objects and taught me comparisons. But when I would come back to Sister Peabody's room the following day I would have forgotten all that I had been taught the previous day. This was a great impediment, and I came to the conclusion that I was going to leave, and informed Sister Peabody, but she directed me to Sister Knapp. When I spoke to her she sent me to my roo to pray over the matter, and when I did found that this was the devil that was at work on me, trying to discourage me, and I came to the conclusion that it was not wise to listen to him.

I had many things to learn while here. When I would hear the students tell how their brothers and sisters and parents would send them this, that and the other, the devil would say to me that I had no one to send things to me.

One of the things we had to do was go out on Sundays in personal work and pass out tracts and visit the homes and tell the people the glad story of salvation. When I would get into the homes of the poor people who did not go to church, the people, when they would hear the story told would break down and cry. Thus the Lord would wonderfully assist me in the work.

I liked to testify in the dining room, as was the custom, but immediately the devil was on my back, and would tell me that because could not testify like brother or sister so-and-so, I should refrain; but I did not quit, because the thing was in me, and it was impossible to stop, as the Lord was pleased with it and I did not have to look to the people.

Many other things I learned at the Bible School, among them being how to pray, how to work, and how to trust the Lord for all things. I learned how to "pray through."

The work assigned to me was in the book bindery, and one day, while working on the stamping machine, I made a misstep and thought the machine was all right. But while trying to clean out the gold from between the stamp, I got my foot on the pedal and it came down on my finger and smashed it, and I had to go to Christ's Hospital. While at the hospital they tried to save my finger so that they would not have to amputate it, but in vain. While they were giving me the ether and putting me under its influence, I testified to them and quoted John 3:16, and shouted, and the last thing I said was "goodbye." Then I was gone to the world for the operation. In the course of a few hours I "came to," and found myself in bed. The pain was intense. All I went through would be impossible to express in words. In the four nights I slept only two hours, so great was the pain. I had with me the Bible in both the English and Armenian languages, and I would read and pray silently and sing. One day the physician came in and heard me sing, and told me to sing aloud, and I did. The people listened to me as I sang. It was impossible for me to understand why I was put under this affliction, but the Lord gave me the promise that "all things work together for good to them that love God." I was put to thinking while I was there what the Lord had indeed suffered for me, and that I had not suffered anything like what He had suffered for me.

While I was in School after the experiences in the hospital, the Lord gave me the following promises:

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

"But thus saith the Lord, the Lord redeemed thee, and He hath found thee, O Israel, fear not for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine; when thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Isaiah 33:1-2.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

"Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord; the Lord shall fight for you and ye shall hold your peace." Exodus 14:13-14.

"Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." Psalm 119:165.

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Philippians 4:13.

"But my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Philippians 4:19.

All these promises I have tried and tested thoroughly, and have found them to be true.

As a result of the accident I was not able to study for about four months, as it left me somewhat nervous. So I left school and went to work in the shop for the Receipting Register Company, and remained there during the following summer. One day while at work in the shop I was praising the Lord, and one of the employees asked me why I praised the Lord, for I had lost a finger. I answered him that I was praising the Lord that I only lost one and not all of my fingers.

At the opening of school the following year

I was in the Mission class. I learned many wonderful lessons, especially from the life of George Mueller, who was a great man of faith. He, through prayer, opened up and kept several orphanages, and these were supported in answer to prayer. In the class they had some to talk occasionally, and one day the teacher asked me to take the period and talk to them about the suffering Armenians. After that the Lord talked to me and asked me whether I would be willing to go and preach to the people. In response to the call I answered in the affirmative. I never had the least idea that I was ever to go back to my own land, but since the Lord called me, in answer to the call, I am under obligation to go back and preach to them the Gospel. Before this I used to think and even dream about my country, but there was no desire to go back, and I was glad I was not there. The Lord seemed to renew Isaiah's vision and asked me who would go and who would obey, and I answered, "Here am I, Lord, send me." He also spoke to me in regard to Jonah and his message, and the work to which the Lord had called him. The message was, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." Another thing that riveted itself upon my mind was the account of the little captive maid in Naaman's home, and how she was a little missionary. So many times we are apt to look at things as small, but the Lord has a purpose in all things, and we ought to go ahead and do the little things. As Paul was given the vision to come over into Macedonia and help them, so the Lord wanted me to go over into my Macedonia and help them. Indeed, this is a veritable and needy Macedonia for me.

Many today in the lands, and especially in my country, are in the same predicament I was in; not having heard the Gospel. No doubt today, if that preacher had not come to our town and preached the true Gospel, I might have been lost. They are there and needy; and it behooves me to go, and you who read to do all in your power, to help them in every way you can. Jesus has said and rightly said of Armenia that the "Harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Jesus has given us the command, "Go ye," and if we cannot go, we can make our influence and money and other things count in this line. The thing for all of us to do is to mind the Lord and "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

One day while attending a campmeeting in Indiana, conducted by John T. Hatfield, W. E. Shepherd was preaching. He gave a very beautiful illustration about a young lad in Sunday School who was taught that if you give the Lord one dollar, the Lord will give you two. So one day the father gave this boy one dollar to go into business and he took the money. While walking along the street he noticed a boy who had no shoes. He asked him where they were and was told that he did not have any. His parents were poor and could not afford to buy him any shoes. The lad took the money and gave it to the other boy to buy a pair of shoes. When he returned home the father asked him what he had done with the dollar, and he immediately told him. The father did not like it and reprimanded the son and gave him two dollars to go into business again. The son took the money and was standing aside, laughing, when the father asked him the reason for it. He then told what the teacher had said in Sunday School. At that time the Lord was talking to me about giving a dollar for the campmeeting, but I was holding back. The devil immediately said, "You are ninety miles from Cincinnati, and if you give that money, how are you going to get back to the city?" I obeyed the Lord, gave the money, and after the service a lady came to me and gave me two dollars. When I returned to the school I told one of the boys about it, and he made light of it. The Lord spoke to him about giving fifty cents, but he did not do it. Later he had an accident which broke a glass and it cost him one dollar. It seems that that rule works both ways.

CHAPTER VI

MY SANCTIFICATION

While in my country and my travels through the different towns, I used to hear a great many sermons, but we never had an altar call, as we have in this country. More than that, I was taught and sincerely believed that whe one was saved, he had the Holy Spirit. After a time when the people here in this country asked me whether I was sanctified, I answered them that I was. My trouble was, I was loo ing to the people and saw their lives, and tha they were up and down, in and out, in their experiences, and I was sure that they were bound, but I was free to testify and do anything for the Lord that He asked me to do. But one day I began to pray like David, "O Lord, search my heart." I was excused fro classes and from my work, and spent the ti in my room alone praying. During this time the Lord gave me these promises:

"Blessed are they which do hunger and

thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." Matt. 5:6.

"If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Luke 11:13.

"He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his inmost being (R.V.) shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of his spirit, which they who had believed on him should receive, for the Holy Spirit was not yet given." John 7:38-39.

"Sanctify them in thy truth; thy word is truth." (R.V.) John 17:17.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. 5:23.

"Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." 1 Thess. 5:24.

"Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24.

"But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

After praying from in the morning and fasting, all these promises were given me, and about three o'clock I started in to pray and claim the promises, and at 3:05 p. m. the Lord sanctified me in room No. 12, in the boys' dormitory. Previous to this time there was a question came up before me; I was not so sure about the work being done; but then and there the question was taken away. Then I could say with Paul, "*Knowing this,* that our old man is *crucified,* that the body of sin might be destroyed." Romans 6:6. Then I received perfect love, perfect peace, perfect joy, perfect satisfaction. This was real; no more doubts and fears.

That evening when I went to the dining room, I was so filled with the Spirit that I hardly knew where I was. I was up on the chair, testifying and shouting, and through it all I broke the chair. It cost me fifty cents, but I praised the Lord that it was not my experience that was broken. After the service one of the boys came to me and told me that there was not such a change in me that it was worthy of note; but I told him that the change was not an outward change, but an inward.

I was working for the Receipting Register Company and thus getting my way paid through school, but towards the end of the year they told us that work was slack, and we need not come to work any more. I then went to trust the Lord for the way being paid for the last term, which amounted to forty dollars. One day while I was walking across the bridge to go to Newport, Ky., to a mission, the Lord gave me the promise in Philippians 4:19, that the Lord shall supply all my need according to his riches in glory, etc., and it pleased me. A few days after that a brother from Indiana told me that he wanted me to go to Indiana to preach there in a church. So one Saturday evening I went and preached. The church was full inside and many outside, and the Lord blessed us. They took up an offering for me and it amounted to twenty-one dollars. I came and gave that to the school on my debt. After that at campmeeting, I testified and after the service there was a lady told me that the Lord had given her $100, and He wanted her to give me $25 of it. She gave me a check for the same, and I went to the one in charge and paid off what I still owed on my schooling.

CHAPTER VII

EXPERIENCES IN THE HARVEST FIELD

You remember the Lord called Abraham from his kindred to go into the land of which he knew nothing. It seemed this was the way with me when the Lord, in the summer of 1919, called me into His work. I had been outside the city but little, and had been in this country only eight years, and I was indeed a stranger, not knowing whither I went. I prayed and meditated and the Lord called me into work in Indiana for the summer. So one day I started out. I landed in a small town and stayed with a good Christian brother. One night they told me of a campmeeting being held about twenty miles from where I was being entertained, and they took me in their auto. But the weather was bad and we did not have such a large crowd present, but the Lord gave us a good time. When we returned home, there was a telephone message for me to come to a meeting over Sunday. But when the time came there was no one to take me, so I went to church with the brother. After the service I was informed of a revival meeting being held close by, and they took me in the auto to that place. It was in a Nazarene Church. The preacher did not preach long, but threw the meeting open for testimony and after two or three testified, I got up and told my experience; then the minister gave the altar call. The people began to flock to the altar and we had a hallelujah time.

I stayed in this place about two weeks, passing out tracts and in house to-house visitation. I then heard of Muncie. I had an idea all the time that it was in Ohio, but later I found out that it was in Indiana. I wanted to go.

Without knowing anyone or anything about the town, I went. When I got there I walked a long time before I came to the Salvation Army hall. When I arrived there they told me that they did not have a vacant room, but pointed out to me a hotel. I went there and got a room for twenty-five cents a night, and thought I was in prison, for the room had no windows in it. I stayed in Muncie a while, and passed out tracts and tried to sell some

Gospel literature, but with no success whatever. Then I heard that the meeting in which I had been before was near Muncie. I inquired the way and I took the traction and went. During the service they said they needed so much money to pay for the tent under which they were worshiping. The Lord told me to give a dollar. The devil made suggestions, but I minded the Lord. They made an announcement for me and I sold several dollars' worth of mottoes, etc., while there. I had the privilege also of singing in Armenian and telling about my experience. Then a lady took me to her home to stay while I was there. I needed some laundry work done and she kindly offered to do it up for me.

One evening there was a brother came to me and asked me if I was going to preach the next three days. I told him that I did not know anything about it. Then another one told me, and lastly the preacher told me that he would be away and he wanted me to take the service. I consented, and after breakfast the next morning I took my Bible and told my hostess that I was going out into the woods, a half-mile distant, and pray. I was there till the time for the service, praying and preaching, as it were, to the trees and getting in shape for the service. I went to the service and preached that night. I did not pay much attention to the fact that there were more services, as I knew that the minister was going to be back the next day. I was invited to a brother's home and while there a woman came in who looked in her outward appearance like a Christian. She began to talk about the world getting better and everyone going to be saved, that Russell was a fine man and she did not believe in a hell. I asked her a few questions and quoted some Scriptures, and after a while the truth became too convincing, presumably, for she left.

The next day I went to service again. That night when I went to the service, with no intention of preaching, the minister's wife came to me and told me that they wanted me to preach again. After a little while the minister came and told me that he wanted me to preach again. I consented, and after testifying, I preached, and the Lord blessed us together. After the service the minister handed me a check for twenty-five dollars. So you can see how the Lord will supply the need if we will only trust Him. Satan may fight hard, but if we will "dare" to trust God we will surely come out victorious. This closed my first trip and I came back to Cincinnati, to the "Mount of Blessings."

I stayed here one week and prayed and asked the Lord what He would have me to do, and told Him that I was willing to go where He wanted me to go. In other words, I was ready for service—a minute man for God.

After careful prayer and meditation, I felt that the Lord wanted me in His work again. There was a brother at Ashland, Ky., who had worked with me in the shop in Cincinnati, so I went there with the intention of staying in his home. But when I arrived I found that they were away. Immediately the enemy began to fight me, and make all things look dark and dismal. I went to stay with another brother. During the night there was a drunken revelry next door, and they had a fire and burned something. Thus the Lord delivered me from the fire. I stayed there a short while selling books, mottoes and religious literature, and testified in the different meetings. In general, I had a good time.

I then went to West Virginia and tried to do some colportage work, but with little success. After a few days I returned to Cincinnati.

While I was at the campmeeting at Cincinnati, one of the students talked to me relative to a campmeeting in Indiana. Then I was spoken to about going, and I was not in favor of going before I prayed over it, so I took it to God in prayer and felt the leading of the Lord that I was to go. I started out at the time appointed and arrived at the campmeeting in Wheeling, Indiana. I found it to be a beautiful place, with spacious grounds and beautiful trees—in general, a good location. I was taken to my tent and had a good time in prayer. I assisted in the devotional part of the service.

At the morning service there were not many out as the farmers were busy with their work and did not get out. Brother Shepherd was not feeling so well one day and he asked me to take the morning service. I consented, and after prayer and meditation, I preached on the subject, "Prayer." But Satan was again after me and offered his vile suggestions, but I find that it pays not to listen to the suggestions of the enemy. The following morning I was called upon to preach again, and talked on the "Grace of God." This, however, was not the object of my visit to this camp, as the primary object in view was to have part in the Missionary meeting.

One day the one in charge of the meeting came to me and asked me what I would do if I were to receive money for missionary enterprises, and I told her I intended to use it for the Armenian relief and the spread of the Gospel. After a while they came to me and told me that they did not want me to use the money for that purpose, but that they intended me to use it for paying my way through school the following school year. This was agreed to and an offering was taken.

A few days previous to the Missionary day, Brother Shepard announced that I was to be the speaker of the occasion. A hearty invitation was given to all to attend that service. When the time came the people began to flock in, some on foot, some in buggies, and some in automobiles. The tent was filled to overflowing with people, and many were obliged to find room outside the tent, standing. I was in full Armenian dress. I had around my waist the red girdle. When I came in and sat down on the platform, the children and some of the older people were amused at the way I was dressed. After the usual preliminaries, I was introduced to the congregation. I sang a song in the Armenian language, and then spoke to them, using for my text, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." After a good service and a splendid time in speaking to them about the missionary needs of my country, Brother Shepard gave a few words of comment on my life and work, and the contemplation of returning to my country as a missionary. He then laid open the Bible and asked the people for the offering. He asked them to kindly march; and as they passed the Bible to drop in their offering. It surely was a liberal offering, and was greatly appreciated. After the service there was a very cordial reception and a hearty handshake. The following day I took the train and returned to the "Mount of Blessings."

After a few days of prayer and meditation I was impressed with the need of the Gospel being preached to the coal miners of West Virginia. But then after that I heard about the campmeeting in Owassa, Mich., and the Lord seemed to say to me that I was to go. I was only too glad to go and do any service for the Lord that He wanted me to do. Previous to this time I had intended to go and sell books, and all sorts of religious literature to the miners of West Virginia, and had already purchased my supplies. I asked the information girl what time I could get a train out for Detroit the next day, and was told that a train left at 8 a. m. I started out, but somehow I could not understand it. I arrived at the depot a few minutes too late, and missed the train. I hardly could see into it why I should be made to miss my connections. But after a little there came a young man in uniform to me and offering me his hand said he had heard me in a campmeeting. We opened up a conversation and I found out that the young man was in a very low spiritual state, having lost his experience, and was in such a despondent mood that suicide was in his mind. But I talked to him and told him that the Lord was able to save him and bring him back to as good an experience as the one he had had. After that I thanked God for the privilege of missing my train. In four or five hours I took another train for Detroit.

Upon my arrival there I was at a loss what to do, as it was Saturday afternoon and I did not know anyone in the place, not having been there before. I asked a man where the Salvation Army hall was, and he told me he would take me there for one dollar, but I took the directions of another and went down town in the traction car. When I arrived in the business section, I was again at a loss to know what to do. I asked a man driving a pushcart where there were any Armenian people, and he directed me. I stayed there for a while, and from him I received instructions as to where to go to get a place to stay over the Lord's Day. On the Lord's Day I had with me to eat only a pear. I promised the Lord that I would not eat anything that day if I had to buy it, having conscientious scruples against buying on Sunday. I got the address of one whom I had seen in Cincinnati, and I started out to see him. But when I would arrive at one place I would find that he had moved. At last, however, I discovered his brother, and asked him if there were not an Armenian Church in the city. He told me to go to a certain place where the people were going to that church. I went with them and found that the pastor of that church had spent one night with me in Cincinnati. We were glad to meet each other again. After the service the pastor came to me and told me that he would like to have me go with him in house-to-house visitation. We talked a little in the first home, and then in the second home we had another good time, and they gave us a cup of coffee. This was my dinner. At the third home we sang in Armenian and prayed with them, and had a good time. After this I went to the place where I was to stay over night.

On Monday morning I was on my way to Owasso. When I arrived there I found a young man who had been my roommate here at the school. I went with him after the service to his home, and we had a very pleasant time together. The next day he was going to an optician who was also an Armenian, and he asked me if I desired to go with him, and I consented. When I got there I found him to be a very nice man and he asked me to go with him to his home. I went with him during the remainder of the campmeeting. I was at liberty in his home as I would have been in my own home. He was too busy to attend to my entertainment, but I had a very delightful time there.

One day the one in charge of the meeting came to me and asked me to talk about the work in Armenia. I told them in as brief a manner as possible about the work in general. I had with me some of the literature I had bought for West Virginia. I sold quite a little of it at this meeting. I told them that they could purchase a half hundred New Testaments for one dollar and give them to the Armenians. They gave me a few dollars for this purpose.

I met a man there who told me that he liked the Apostolic Holiness and the Free Methodist churches, but he did not like their "noise." In the evening it was their custom to have a testimony service previous to the preaching service. I was at this time with that man who did not believe in demonstration, and the devil fought me about it, but I overcame through the word of my testimony. I got up and the Lord blessed me inasmuch that I was all over the house shouting. Others were blessed and we had a great time in the Holy Spirit.

During the meeting one man came to me and asked me if I would not accompany him to his place. He had three places to preach. I told him that after I prayed over it I would be able to state definitely. After prayer I decided to go with him. On the way we stopped over and talked in a hall one night, and they asked us to have service the next night. Then we went on and had another service later with the Salvation Army. They also asked us to come back and talk again. After this we went to the place where this brother with whom I was traveling lived. He bought his own bread and the people gave him the other things as milk, potatoes, etc. But one day we had nothing left but a little bread and potatoes, and we were anxious what there was going to be for us to eat the next day for breakfast. In the morning there was a knock at the door and when we answered, a young man was there with butter and potatoes. We had a general rejoicing time over the potatoes and butter, and we were getting them ready when there was another knock at the door, and this time it was eggs that was brought. We then had another rejoicing time. So the Lord will supply the needs of those who will trust Him. I stayed there the balance of the week and then went on Sunday to the first schoolhouse. When we arrived we were disappointed, as no one was there, but by and by there came an old man and his daughter. They were the congregation. I talked to them about the sufferings of the Armenians and the way I was converted and brought into the light of the Gospel. I noticed the tears beginning to stream down the old man's cheeks, and after the service he asked me to come again the next Sunday, and I consented.

We started on foot to the second place. We had taken our lunch with us. We arrived there and found that there were only two children had come out to the service. The preacher said he would go home, but I told him I wanted to talk to the children. I talked to them and then we went to the third place. There was a boy there who had come with the intention of disturbing the meeting, but when he got inside and we began to sing and pray he was not able to do what he had intended to do. There were in this service in all thirty-one people, and the offering taken, amounted to $1.20. The preacher gave me half—in all, this trip netted me sixty cents. We came back to the brother's home, after walking twenty miles.

As promised, we went back to the former place, but in the week day when the same night there was to be a dance nearby. We thought it over, and at last decided to trust the Lord for the crowd. We had the service and the people turned out almost better than we had expected, having in all twenty-one for the congregation. Some of these went after the service to the dance.

The same week according to our promise, we went back to the same place where we had the meeting in the Salvation Army. We had the service after the cold night on the street. There I received word from another place we had been in, the Free Methodist Mission, that they wanted me to come back and give them another talk, but I declined, as I had to come back to the "Mount of Blessings." This ends the trip in the religious enterprises. My car fare during this trip cost me $15.00, and all the offering I received was sixty cents, but the many precious lessons I learned was more than remuneration for all my labors.

I had a few friends in Pontiac, Mich., and I stopped over a few days to see them, but when I got to the place where I was told they would be, I found them not there, as they had moved some time previous. I tried to find them and a Greek boy, who also could speak the Turkish language, told me he knew where they were, but he gave the same address I had. After a time, however, I found them and stayed with them a few days. Then I returned to the "Mount of Blessings."

The following excerpt from the *Revivalist,* telling of my experience on Thanksgiving Day, 1919:

Thanksgiving Day in a Community Center

"There were four of us boys sent out in one band. We went first to the Jewish Industrial School, where the children were fed last year, but were told that we could not feed any Jewish children. We did not like this very well, so we went to a home where another band was last year, but the tenants were going away for Thanksgiving. However, God had a better place for us. While we were walking along the street we met two women and asked them if they knew where we could get a building. They told us to go to Sinton Park Community Center. When we arrived there, we were most heartily received and they granted the privilege of using the kitchen and the main building. We were also assured that we would have quite a number of children to the dinner. I the kitchen there was a big stove, and in the main building there were two gas stoves used as heaters.

"We went next day and invited the children, finding about 175 children.

"Thanksgiving Day came—we were there on time. We had two other students given us as helpers, but when we got to our appointment we found that the head of the Board of Education had ten teachers there to help us, and they were delighted with this work. We prepared the dinner, and when ready opened the door and let the children come in. We seated 210 at the first meal. We had one long table, with seats at both sides. When the children were all quiet, we sang, 'Jesus will bless the little ones.' Then all bowed their heads while one of the students prayed. After this a teacher asked the children who was giving this dinner, and they all answered with a loud voice, 'God's Bible School.' When the plates on which we had placed bread, turkey, dressing, potatoes, gravy, celery and cakes were passed to the children, their faces shone brightly and their eyes sparkled.

"After the meal we told the children if they would be quiet while the service was held, we would give them a bag of fruit and a motto. This pleased them and they were very quiet. We sang, 'God will take care of you,' 'He abides,' and 'Onward Christian Soldiers.' Then a dentist from Xenia, O., spoke to the children on 'Feasting on the Word of God.' There were about 100 little hands raised for prayer. God surely did work in that place.

"While we were waiting for our next lot of food to come from the 'Hill,' Brother Lew Standley, of George Street Mission, came down and said he could feed about 100 more children, but we only had 46. I walked ahead, and the children followed me as sheep follow their shepherd.

"When the next supply of food came it was about 2 o'clock, and the children were hungry. There were about 130 of them. When the food was prepared, and the children seated and quieted, we sang, 'Glory to His Name,' and then prayed.

"When the plates were passed to them, their faces shone brighter than the faces of those at the first table. One little girl was so hungry and ate so fast that she choked, and her mother had to take her out, and one of the students thought she had not been given a plate, and was leaving; so one ran out after her.

"When the meal was finished, then came another service. We again charmed the children by telling them of the present of the fruit and mottoes yet to come; and they were very quiet during the meeting.

"One of the students spoke a little while on, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.' I spoke on John 3:16. I also sang, 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' in the Armenian language. Then another spoke on, 'Rise and shine.' We then sang, 'Lord, I am Coming Home.' There were about 50 hands raised for prayer in this second service.

"The children threw their paper bags, after emptying them, out over the park, but took good care of the mottoes; and after service some of the boys put the chairs back in their places while others gathered up the paper bags.

"We met a War Camp worker who was helping the colored people, and she said she was glad to come into contact with a band who would help the colored folks along, and said she would advertise God's Bible School and Missionary Home."

CHAPTER VIII

MY PRESENT, PERSONAL TESTIMONY

I am glad that I am able to say with the Psalmist, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." (Psalm 34:6.) I love Jesus with all my soul, mind and strength. He is my Savior, Sanctifier, Keeper, Healer, and King. I find Him to be all in all to me now. Ten years ago He called me to Himself, and I came to Him and He set me free from all sin. He set me free and I am free today. He started me going for Him and I am still going. I am standing on the Word, the only sure foundation. No matter what comes I am still rejoicing and praising God for all He does for me. Trials may come, tests may come, but I am still on the Rock, and I shall not be moved. I have blessed fellowship and communion with God, and love this better than anything else. I want to continue to watch, for the enemy is about doing all he can to thwart the plan of God.

It is a blessed thing to know that the heavenly fire is burning in my heart, and there is no "smoke" about it.

I am thankful that I have the "palm-tree experience." The palm tree is different from the rest of the trees, and you can see it from a distance. My life is different, and open for inspection. The palm tree is straight. My life is straight and not a crooked thing about it. Jesus took all the warp out of me. The palm tree does not depend on the rains, but digs down and gets its nourishment from the depths of the earth. My experience is not depending on the blessings received in camp-meetings and conventions and religious services, but I receive my help from the deep things in Christ Jesus.

One day there was a young man going through the train selling apples, but had quite a difficulty in getting sales for them. He went out and dried his handkerchief and came back and was eating one large, juicy apple, and the juice was running down the sides of his mouth. This was a good advertisement, for the people all over the train came along and wanted to buy that kind of an apple. So with the experience that is real. When you have the "real thing," it will put "juice" in your testimony, in your prayers; in fact in all of your life, in public and private, there will be that which people will desire because of the goodness of it.

The fruit of the palm tree is sweet. If we have the palm-tree experience, we shall be sweet at all times. There will be no "blue" Mondays, or sourness about our experiences, but it will be kept. In other words, we are preserved and kept sweet.

The leaves of the palm tree are always green in every season of the year. If we have this experience we are always green and never have fading times.

The fruit of the palm tree is always on the top, where it is very difficult for the animals and other things to get at it. If we have this experience and stay in the right attitude, we are always having our fruit where it shall remain.

The palm tree lives longer than the rest of the trees. The wicked, we are told, shall not live out half his days. But on the other hand, the Christian shall live forever. Hallelujah!

"The Lord is my shepherd," the Psalmist says. I have had some experience and know the difference between the good and the bad shepherd. The good shepherd takes care of the sheep. He leads them out into the good pastures. He leads them beside the still waters. He protects them from the wolves and anything that might harm them. As a general rule, you can tell the difference between the sheep. The sheep of the hireling are lean, but the sheep of a good shepherd are always fat and good looking. I am glad the Lord is my Shepherd, and He is leading me out to places where I am getting fat in my soul and enjoying the best fruit of the land.

I am glad that the day of miracles is not past. As an illustration I remember that there was a man who was addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, and one day the Lord saved him and after that he met the saloon keeper on the street and the man addressed him and asked the reason for not coming to his saloon, but he told him that the Lord had saved him, and he had no more use for drink. The saloon keeper responded that the days of miracles are past, and he did not believe in it. He took him to his home and showed him the change in the furniture, in the adornment of the home and the better food to eat, with the greater comforts and happiness in the life. This he said is indeed a miracle. One day while at school I had been sick all day, and after a while after not being to breakfast and dinner, two of the sisters came, prayed with me and I dressed and went down to the dining room for supper. Another time in 1918, when the influenza was raging, I was afflicted with it, and there were over forty of the students took it in one week. They sent me to the hospital, and I got better in answer to prayer, but took it the second time and the Lord came to the rescue on the promise, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and wonderfully touched my body.

I have enlisted for life in the army of the Lord. He fights all my battles and gives me perfect victory, and I love to go "over the top" for Jesus.

Before I was saved I had a winter-time experience. Everything was cold and dry. But when the Lord came into my life He changed it to spiritual spring time. The birds were singing, the flowers were blooming and everything was beautiful after I received the forgiveness of sins.

I am glad that Jesus is not only the Savior of the world, but He is *my* Savior. In other words, there were three boys playing together and one said the doctor is passing; the other said, it is our doctor, but the third said, he is my doctor. So with Christ. He is indeed *my Doctor Jesus, My Savior* from sin.

My experience is that river of living water of which Christ spoke in conversation with the woman of Samaria. The more I testify, the more I want to; the more I pray, the more I want to pray; and the farther on I go, the better it becomes.

God is my Father, Jesus is my Savior and Elder Brother, the Holy Spirit is my Comforter, and the devil is not any relation at all.

Oh, what a change! I am glad that although I was once living in Egypt, I am now living in Canaan. Ten years before I was saved I thought there was no hope for me. I had no friends except the lice, which stayed with me continually. Spiritually I was like Lazarus of old, in bondage to sin, and dead in my soul. One day Jesus came my way and said, "Krikor, come forth." And then he broke the chains of sin, cleansed my heart through His blood, took the desire to sin away, and gave me peace, joy and happiness in my soul. I am on the Rock. When storms, trials, persecutions, temptations and famine come my way, I can say with Paul, "We are conquerors through Him that loved us." I am glad that Jesus justifies me freely, sanctifies me wholly, and satisfies me completely. Amen.

PART TWO

CHAPTER I

THE ARMENIAN ALPHABET

By Rev. Dr. Robert Chambers

As Minerva from the brain of Jove, so appeared in its perfect form the Alphabet of which I write. An angel hand traced its characters on the heart of a deeply religious patriot, who awoke from his vision with shining countenance, rejoicing that he had at last found himself in a position to serve the religious and together with the religious, also the political needs of his people. That was full sixteen hundred years ago, and this unique alphabet has served through all these centuries to keep alight the torch of learning, though sometimes with feeble flickerings only, in one of the most interesting portions of this much ill-used but very patient and still fair world of ours.

Modern missionaries have reduced languages to writing, as for example the Albanian, the Koordish, and several African dialects, and have brought these languages and peoples into touch with the world of thought and literary ideals, but in so doing they have used already existing alphabets not always perfectly suited to represent the sounds and embody the spirit of the spoken tongue. The results have been practical and useful but one may be permitted a doubt as to how far the soul of the people thus served has been awakened to expression by the touch of a foreign hand and through the medium of a foreign instrument. How greatly the Roman alphabet has been bent and twisted and modified as the Anglo-Saxon soul has for centuries struggled through its means to become articulate! Were the Philological Society to succeed even now in evolving an alphabet fully adequate to represent the Anglo-Saxon tongue, allowing it facile, unfettered and unannoyed expression, I am sure the literary genius of the people would blossom forth in richer form and color than ever before.

This alphabet is almost perfect. As invented it consisted of thirty-six characters, to which at a later date two others were added, making thus thirty-eight in all. No character has more than one sound and there are no silent letters, so that the difficulties connected with reading and writing are reduced to a minimum. The people for whose use it was invented were already in possession of a literature in two foreign languages, and boasted of a pre-Christian unwritten literature of poetry and folk-lore, handed down from generation to generation by wandering minstrels.

I have called this alphabet unique, as indeed he who has read this far will be ready to confess. The language to which its invention was intended to afford literary expression must also be classed as unique. It is one of the Aryan sisterhood. It was spoken by a people isolated in the midst of far more powerful political units so that it had little or no opportunity to spread abroad or to throw out shoots. In the list of Aryan tongues it stands alone without progeny and with less serious modification through the centuries than other tongues have suffered. In a somewhat modern dress, donned in the eleventh century, it is spoken today by three or four millions of people. As already noticed the Armenians possess a pre-Christian literature. Their "Golden

Age" covers the centuries from the fourth to the eleventh. Then after an eclipse of centuries, literary activity began again, and today flourishes in schools of learning, in monthly, weekly and daily magazines and newspapers, and on lecture platforms and the boards of theaters. It exhibits ambitions, activities and accomplishments unsurpassed, perhaps unequaled by those of any other of the numerous races found in the Turkish Empire, within whose borders are found the pits from which our ideals and inspirations have been digged—pits which have been closed for centuries and overlaid with offal but in these days opened up to the wonder and enlightenment of the world.

The story of the discovery of the Armenian alphabet proceeds in this wise. Before Constantinople became the capital of the Roman Empire and of the Christian world the Armenian people, under the tutelage of their patron saint, Gregory the Illuminator, and led by their king, Tiridates, had already embraced Christianity. Having, in the interminable wars and disasters of preceding generations, lost their alphabet, if, indeed, they ever possessed a distinctive alphabet, their church services were conducted in the Syriac and the Greek languages, the Scriptures used being the Peshito and the Septuagint. A class of interpreters was, however, organized, called "Tarkmanichk," both the word and the practice being borrowed from the post-captivity Jews.

The most celebrated of these "Interpreters" was Mesrob, who greatly deplored the fact that his people were deprived of God's Word in their own tongue. He was born in the fourth century at Moosh, a town distressingly prominent in the stories of massacres of Armenians by Mohammedan Koords. His friend was Isaac, who became supreme Patriarch of the Armenians early in the fifth century. The Armenian King of that day was a devout Christian, a man of literary taste and ability, and an enthusiastic supporter of Mesrob in his holy task. These and others like them were men of deep religious spirit and high patriotism. They saw their country weakened by foreign wars and internal dissensions and in danger of falling a prey to the cupidity and ambitions of Persia and of the Byzantine Empire. The Persians strove to re-establish Zoroastrianism in Armenia; the Byzantines, through their bishops and the influence of

Greek learning and literature, attempted to bring the Apostolic Church of the Armenians into the orthodox fold. In the south Syrian ecclesiastics were associated with the Armenians in the conduct of Church affairs.

The people divided, disheartened and being gradually subjected to foreign domination in both church and state, were losing their national spirit, and in some parts of the country were in danger of degenerating into the old heathenism. Anxious to revive the national spirit and to foster the growth of piety along national lines, Isaac and Mesrob with the cordial support of the king entered upon the task of providing the people with the Bible in their own tongue. They attempted to use the Greek or the Syriac alphabet, but failed to find in either the characters necessary to represent certain Armenian sounds. They therefore decided to provide their language with an alphabet of its own.

Encouraged by a tradition that an Armenian alphabet had at one time existed and might probably be found in the keeping of some learned monk, Mesrob journeyed through Mesopotamia, Syria, Phœnicia, Asia Minor, and even so far as Greece. He was only partially successful, finding, it is said, twenty-two characters in the keeping of a Syrian bishop. Returning to Armenia, he shut himself up in an Armenian monastery where, after long and earnest prayers with fastings and meditation, he was rewarded by the appearance of an angel who, according to one version of the tradition, traced the still missing characters on a rock, but according to another, wrote them in the devotee's heart.

So for the native tradition. The probability is that Mesrob consulted with learned men in all the countries visited by him, got hints from each of the alphabets known to him and in a "fine frenzy" of spirit induced by prayer and meditation, evolved this unique alphabet.

The first translation of the Scriptures into Armenian, in which this alphabet is used, seems to have been made from the Peshito. This translation was revised and compared with the Septuagint, though there are readings in the Armenian version which follow neither the Syriac nor the Greek. Both translation and revision were accomplished between the years 412 and 432 (in the first quarter of the fifth century), and the version is in use to the present day.

Then followed translations into Armenian of many works of Greek authors—poets, philosophers and theologians—and the "Translator's Monastery," at Moosh, the birthplace of Mesrob, became a great center of learning and of national enthusiasm. Scholars have named the Armenian version of the Bible the "Queen of Versions," and it is one of the original authorities consulted by students of textual criticism.

UNHAPPY DAYS

(From the Armenian of Djivan)

The mournful and unhappy days, like winter, come and go.
We should not be discouraged, they will end, they come and go.
Our bitter griefs and sorrows do not tarry with us long;
Like customers arrayed in line, they come, and then they go.

Over the heads of nations persecutions, troubles, woes,
Pass, like the caravan along the road; they come and go.
The world is like a garden, and men are like the flowers;
How many roses, violets and balsams come and go!

Let not the strong then boast themselves, nor let the weak be sad,
For divers persons of all kinds pass on, they come and go.
Fearless and unafraid the sun sends forth his beaming light.
The dark clouds toward the house of prayer float past, they come and go.

Earth to her well-taught son belongs, with motherly caress,
But the unlettered races like nomads come and go.
Djivan, a guest-room is the world, the nations are the guests;
Such is the law of nature; they pass—they come and go.

—Trans. Alice Stone Blackwell.

CHAPTER II

A MOTHER IN ARMENIA

BY CHARLES KEELER

I

Be still, Vosdani, while I rock the cradle
And sing a lullaby to little brother.
Hush, hush Avedis, go to sleep my baby.

The nightingale will sing to you
Where nods the sleepy rose,
The night wind's kiss is moist with dew
As sweet and soft it blows.
Ah lullaby, ah lullaby!

Now Mother Mary guard my boy
For love of Christ, I pray.
And happy dreams my little joy
Beneath the moon of May.
Ah lullaby, ah lullaby!

Hark! what is that tramp of feet without?
The heavy tread of men!
Who knocks?—Go, father, see who calls so late
Again they knock. Make haste!
O God! the soldiers—Turks with sullen faces.
And bayonets glistening in the moon!
No, father dear, you cannot leave us;
Little Avedis needs you, and Vosdani cries.
And I need you, father; do not go!

O men of the Gendarmerie,
Listen, a day, I pray!
Give us a respite of a day!
Can you be men, you Ottomans,
Can you pray to Allah
When you have torn a father from his home?
See, my baby cries to you for mercy!
O do not bind him so!
Where are you taking him in the night?
Father dear, come back to your little ones and me!
Vosdani, he is gone!

II

The dawn has broken and my baby sleeps;
You too must rest, Vosdani,—dry your eyes.
Go, see who comes so early in the day—
The priest! I fear to see him! O, what news?
Dead! killed, you say? He and a thousand more!
The Turks have slaughtered them!
Stabbed them to death with bayonets
Out in the hills, in the moonlight!
Vosdani, your father has gone to Christ,
We are alone now! the massacres have begun!
Hark, the clank of a sword,

III

A knock on the door!
Go, open the door Vosdani.
A Turkish officer with a notice?
We must leave our home in a week?
Deported? O where are you sending us hence?
We are peaceful people; we have done no harm.
Orders, you say, orders from Constantinople!
From Enver and Talaat, they must be obeyed.
Or do they come from Berlin!
Is there no justice in Heaven?

What have we done to merit such fate?
Infidels, you call us, Infidels!
Yes, we have been true to our Savior,
Ever since the day He walked to Calvary,
Bearing His cross, have we been true to Him,
And O my people how our heads have bowed
Under the grief of centuries of woe!

IV

Come, Vosdani, we will take little Avedis
For a ride in the ox-cart! Ah! little man,
You are laughing and cooing at the great oxen.
What a caravan winds down the streets of Hadjin!
With creaking wheels above the wail of women,
And sobbing children endless as the road.
This is our cart, Vosdani; throw your bundles in.
Now, daughter, dry your eyes,
We must go bravely towards the great unknown.
See, your little brother does not cry!
What swarms of Turks come flocking to our homes,
Snatching at all our scattered goods
And snarling like jackals fighting over corpses.
Farewell, dear home, farewell dear native land!
Just throw a kiss, my baby—now 'tis gone!

V

What was that brutal ox-driver saying?
He told you we could ride no more?
I will go plead with him; wait here Vosdani.
I pray you let us ride, I am not strong
And I have paid you all the gold I had
From the sale of household goods and treasure.
See how my baby holds his arms to you
And asks you to be kind for mother's sake!
You laugh at us, O wretch in human form!
You scoff at prayers of children and then turn
With blood-stained hands uplifted unto Allah!

Vosdani! speak not to that Turk—
Hands off my daughter! Dare you to snatch the dress
From a young girl? O God, can such things be!
Have mercy, give me back my child!
Where are you taking her?
Selling her! into a life of shame!
No I will kill her before Turkish dogs
Gloat over the body of my child—
The girl I reared to walk with Christ!
She is too young, too innocent have mercy!
Vosdani, my child, God help you!
Why were they not merciful unto us?
Why did they not stab us with their bayonets?
They showed our men such mercy!
Has God abandoned the daughters of Armenia?
O Mother Mary, take us unto Thee!

VI

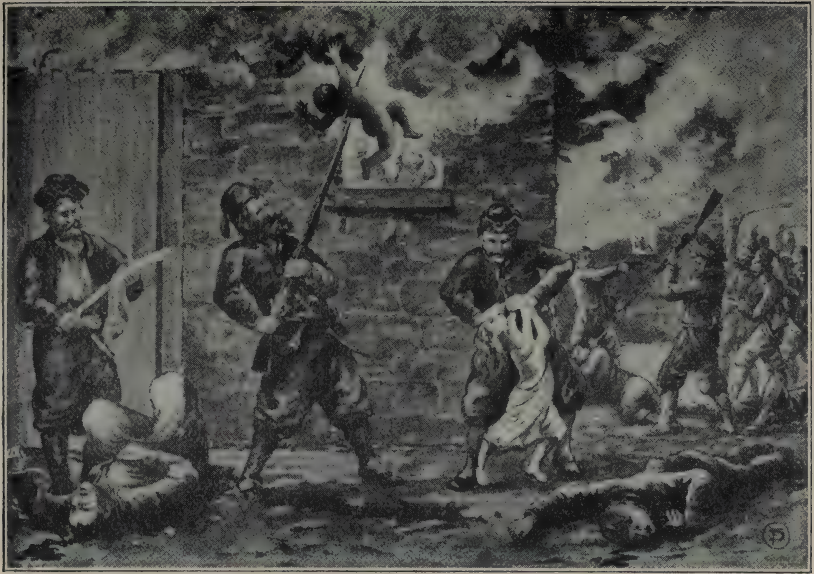
Hush, hush my baby boy, my poor Avedis!
Your little face is wan and pale,
Your mother has no milk in her shrunk breast.
With bruised and blistered feet I drag
Wearily on to Der-el-Zor.
Over the burning desert, over the sharp stones.
O soldier, strike me no more with the bloody lash,
I will walk faster, faster.
Give me water ere I perish.
Give me some crumbs of bread
For I am faint with hunger,
And my baby is starving in my arms.
See, where the palm-trees wave—a well!
Hush, hush, my precious, there is water near
To wet your poor cracked baby lips.
I see Turkish girls with jars on their heads,
And my swollen tongue will be moistened

And you will drink at the well, my baby.
Hush, hush, you will wail no more.
Faint and dizzy I stagger on,
Over the sand to the stones of the well.
It is cool down there in the dark, dark deep,
And there my darling shall fall asleep
And wake in his father's arms in Heaven.
I kiss my baby, my precious child,
Good-bye, sweet boy, you will cry no more.
There! O God he is gone! He is gone!

HORRORS OF TURK MASSACRES ARE REVEALED

Driven from their homes, torn from their loved ones, tortured with all the cruelties that the Mohammedan mind can devise, a whole race of people—the first Christian nation of the world—is being massacred and ravaged as it is goaded on, mile after mile, in a forced hegira of death.

Betrayed Armenia is bleeding as it never bled before. The nails of the heathen Turk are being driven through its very soul onto the cross of persecution. Armenia is the greatest victim of the war, yet she has taken no part in it. She has not even had arms with which to defend herself. Thousands upon thousands have been slain and thousands more are now marching into the jaws of an awful death.



Massacre of Armenians Near St. Sophia, Constantinople
(Sketched by an eyewitness)

Into the semi-desert of Mesopotamia—one into the valley of the upper Euphrates, and the other toward the wild regions of the headwaters of the Tigris, wind the caravans—moving men, women, children, old and young—because the Turks mean to have Turkey exist for the Turks alone.

"Military necessity," they call it. The Turks themselves know better. Said Pasha, when he was the Turkish Grand Vizier, said: "To get rid of the Armenian question, we must get rid of the Armenians."

Turk misrule and persecution was begun in 1877, when, by the treaty between Russia and Turkey, Turkey guaranteed to protect the Armenians against the Kurds. In 1878, through the offices of England at the Berlin congress, the protection of the Armenians in Turkey was transferred to the six European Powers—France, England, Russia, Germany, Italy and Austria, to modify Russian influence in Armenia.

The massacres have continued since 1894, when the first one took place at Sassoun, a mountainous district where the Armenians were punished for trying to defend themselves against the Kurds. Then followed the great massacres of 1895 and 1896 throughout the whole Turkish Empire.

Even before the Armenian subjects of the Sultan can be marched to eventual death, there are regions in which the men and the aged are given to the sword and the women thrust into the harems. But even in the harems there is a limit on slaves and the masses are kept moving.

Officials of the American State Department, while they cannot make public the text of the despatches received from American Consuls, say they tell the same story. Scarcely a day passes now but what a despatch arrives telling of the exile order in some new locality. Ambassador Morgenthau has done what he could at Constantinople. He has protested, asked for a modification of the exile orders and interceded in individual cases. The Ambassador has also obtained permission from the Turkish Government for the immigration to the United States of any Armenians under a guarantee that they will not return to Turkey.

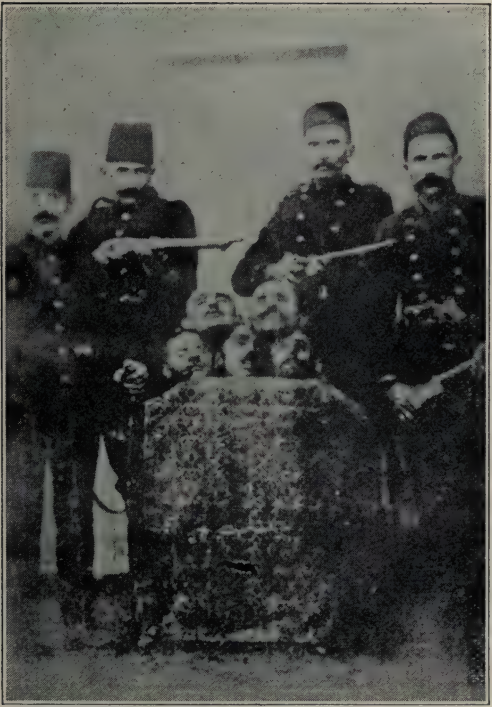
Crimes committed by Turks, described as "surpassing in horror and cruelty anything that history has recorded in 1,000 years," were made public today by the committee formed to investigate the massacres and to aid sufferers:

CHAPTER III

ARMENIANS ARE PUT TO SWORD BY TURKS IN WAR OF EXTERMINATION; AMERICANS REPORT ATROCITIES

"The idea of direct attack and massacre, carried out in former times," says one authority, writing under date of August, "has been altered somewhat in that the men and boys have been deported in great numbers, and disappeared en route, and later on women and children have been made to follow.

For some time stories have been prevalent from travelers arriving from the interior, of the killing of males and of great numbers of bodies along the roadsides and floating in the Euphrates River; of the delivery to the Kurds, by the gendarmes accompanying the convoys, of women and children, of all of the younger members of the parties; of unthinkable outrages committed by gendarmes and Kurds and even the killing of many victims. At first these stories were not given much credence,



The Turks according to their Mohammedan faith, and their cultivated blood thirst, are proud of the Armenian heads.

but as many of the refugees are now arriving in ———, no doubt longer remains of the truth of the matter.

Describing under date of June 20, the wholesale deportation of 26,000 Armenian inhabitants of Zeitoun to the Konieh region, Aleppo and places in Mesopotamia, one writer gives the text of the Turkish Government order giving authority for the expulsions.

"The commanders of the army, of independent army corps and of divisions may, in case of military necessity, and in case they suspect espionage or treason, send away, either singly or in mass, the inhabitants of villages or towns and install them in other places," the order read.

"The orders of the commanders," says the writer, "may have been reasonably humane; but the execution of them has been for the most part unnecessarily harsh and in many instances accompanied by horrible brutality to women and children and to the sick and the aged. Whole villages were deported at an hour's notice, with no opportunity to prepare for the journey, not even in some cases to gather together the scattered members of the family, so many little children were left behind.

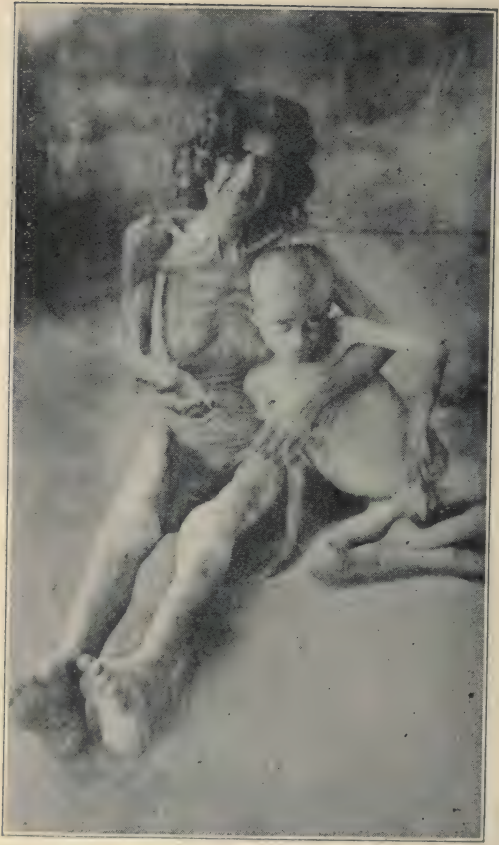
"In many cases the men were bound tightly together with ropes and chains. Women with little children in their arms or in the last days of pregnancy, were driven along under the whip like cattle."

Another writer tells of the cruel use of the bastinado in a certain prison where Armenians were held.

"At the time of the Romans," he writes, "forty strokes were administered at the very most; in this place, however, 200, 300, 500 and even 800 strokes were administered. A young man was beaten to death within the space of five minutes."

Another authority describes the use of the bastinado and fire torture in the efforts of the Turkish authorities in an unarmed town to extract information as to arms in the possession of the Armenians. Telling of the expulsion of the Armenian inhabitants, he writes:

"They (the men) were sent off toward —— in groups of from 30 to 150. Various reports have been circulated, the only one generally accepted being that they were killed. One Greek driver reported seeing the mound under which they were buried. On July 5, before the order for the expulsion of the women was car-



Armenian Mother and Child
The picture speaks for itself.

ried out, ——— went to the Government to protest. He was told the order came from those higher up. The panic in the city was terrible. The people felt that the Government was determined to exterminate the Armenian race. Many of the convicts of the prisons had been released and the mountains around ——— were full of outlaws. It was feared that the women and children were taken some distance from the city and left to the mercy of these men. The women believed that they were going to worse than death, and many carried poison in their pockets to use if necessary."

In a similar description of scenes attending the expulsion of Armenians from another community, a writer says:

"By July 6 all the Armenians' houses in ———, about one thousand, had been emptied of inhabitants and the people sent off. There was no inquiry as to whom were guilty or whom innocent of any movement against the Government. A number of lighters have been loaded with people at different times and sent off toward ———. It is generally believed that such persons were drowned."

In a near-by village, says the same writer, he was informed by a reliable witness, that forty-five men and women were taken a short distance from the village into a valley, the women violated and the men shot.

Recorded as the testimony of the widow —— of ——, a harrowing story is given of the experiences of a party of some 500 Armenians. She and her daughter escaped death by accepting the Mohammedan faith, she says:

"We had got only two hours away from home when bands of villagers and brigands, with rifles, guns, axes, etc., surrounded us and robbed us of all we had. After this they separated the men, one by one, and shot them all within six or seven days—every male above fifteen years old. These bandsmen took all the goodlooking women and carried them off on their horses. Very many women and girls were thus carried off to the mountains, among them my sister, whose one-year-old baby they threw away. A Turk picked it up and carried it off, I know not where. We found on the road many of those who had been in previous sections. Some women were among the killed with their husbands and sons. We also came across some old people and little infants still alive in a pitiable condition.

"The worst and most unimaginable terrors were reserved for us at the banks of the Euphrates and in the Erzingian plain. The mutilated bodies of women, girls and little children made everybody shudder. The bandsmen were doing all sorts of awful deeds to the women and girls that were with us and whose cries went up to heaven. At the Euphrates the bandsmen and gendarmes threw into the river all the remaining children under 15 years of age.

"In seven days we reached ———; not an Armenian alive there. The Turkish women took my daughter and me to the bath and there showed us many other women and girls who had accepted Islam. Between there and ——— the fields and hillsides were dotted with corpses.

"The situation for Armenia became excessively acute in the spring of 1915, when the Turks determined to eliminate the Armenian question by eliminating the Armenians. The Armenian question arises from political and religious causes. On the pretext of searching for deserting soldiers, concealed bombs, weapons, seditious literature or revolutionists, the Turkish officers arrested about 1,200 Armenian men at Marsovan, accompanying their investigations by horrible brutalities. There was no revolutionary activity in our region whatever. The men were sent out in lots of one or two hundred in night deportations to the mountains, where trenches had been prepared. Coarse peasants, who were employed to do what was done, said it was a pity to waste bullets, and they used axes.

"Then the Turks turned on the women and children, the old men and little boys. Scores of oxcarts were gathered and in the early dawn as they passed, the squeaking of their wheels left memories that make the blood curdle even now. Thousands of women and children were swept away. Where? Nowhere. No destination was stated or intended. Why? Simply because they were Armenians and Christians and were in the hands of the Turks.

"Girls and young women were snatched away at every turn on the journey. The girls sold at Marsovan for from $2 to $4 each. I know, because I heard the conversation of men engaged in the traffic. I know, because I was able to ransom three girls at the price of $4.40. The misery, the agony, the suffering were beyond power of words to express—almost beyond the power of hearts to conceive. In bereavement, thirst, hunger, loneliness, hopelessness, the groups were swept on and on along roads which had no destination.

"I received word from Ambassador Morgenthau that our premises would not be interfered with. Next morning the chief of police came with armed men and demanded surrender of all Armenians connected with the college, Girls' School and hospital. We claimed the right to control our grounds as American citizens.

"More than two hours we held them at bay. They brought more armed men. They again demanded surrender of the Armenians. I refused. They challenged me for resisting the Turkish Government. They said anyone who did so was liable to immediate execution.

"They broke open our gates, brought in oxcarts and asked where the Armenians were. I refused to tell. They went through the buildings, smashing down the doors. Then our Armenian friends, feeling that further attempt on our part to save them would bring more harm probably than good, came forth, professed themselves loyal Turkish subjects and offered to do what was required.

"An oxcart was assigned each family with a meager supply of food, bedding and clothing. The mother sat on the load with her children about her, the father prepared to walk beside the cart. I offered prayer and then the sad procession carrying 72 persons from the college and hospital moved away.

"These teachers were men of character, education, ability and usefulness, several of them representing the fine type of graduates from American or European universities. The company went in safety for about 50 miles. Then the men were separated from the women. Their hands were bound behind their backs and they were led away. The eight Armenian members of the staff of instruction of Anatolia College were among the slain. The women and children were moved on and on. No one knows where and no one knows how many of them are still living.

"The Government officers plowed the Armenian cemetery in Marsovan and sowed it with grain as a symbol that no Armenian should live or die to be buried there. No Armenian student or teacher was left to Anatolia College, and of the Protestant congregation in the city of 950 souls, more than 900, with their pastors, were swept away. It was a Government movement throughout—a movement against the Armenian people.

"These things are typical of what took place through the six provinces of the Turkish Empire known as Armenia. The Armenians are the Yankees of the East—the merchants, manufacturers, capitalists, artisans and among the best of the farmers. One quarter of a million people succeeded in escaping into Russian Caucasus, and among them American representatives have done wonderful work in caring for the sick, giving bread to the hungry, clothing the naked, caring for orphans. Probably a million more went to Syria and Mesopotamia, where they have been dependent upon American relief, which is helping this worthy people to pull through alive."

Extracts from Press Reports

"It is Envor Pasha's boast that he killed more Armenians in thirty days than Abdul Hamid did in thirty years. And Abdul Hamid was known as the 'Great Butcher' and 'Red Sultan.'"

This statement was made by Miss Emily C. Wheeler, Secretary of the National Armenian and India Relief Association, which since 1905 has been active in a mission in Turkish Armenia. Information on which her statement was based was given, she said, by a missionary, an American physician, just returned from Turkey. Miss Wheeler passed 16 years in Armenia, and was there during the massacre of 1895.

"Some German officers are active in the Armenian persecutions," continued Miss Wheeler, "according to stories told me by missionary friends. The Ottoman Government is waging a campaign of extermination. This is evident from the slaughter and is further indicated by the statement of the Governor of Van, made in November, 1914, 'that the Government intended to kill every Armenian question.'

"They have succeeded so well in some villages that there is not even a sign of life left. The entire district of Tiflis has been leveled by fire. Women have been scorched, scalded and beaten to death. Even the orphans in our missions have been deported.

"In the Van district alone, 57,000 Armenians were killed in August. One of the young women attached to the Van mission has been missing since July. She is a Miss McClaren, an American, who volunteered to serve in the Red Crescent—the Turkish Red Cross. She disappeared when the Turks fled before the Russian soldiers and probably is dead.

"Another instance is that of Sister Martha, a German woman, who fled with fifty orphans from the savage Kurds in July. Nothing has been heard of them."

Armenian Girls Shot to Death by the Turks; New Series of Massacres at Marash, Cilicia—10,000 *Are Butchered*

From Cincinnati Times-Star, March 1, 1920.

Washington, March 1.—Shots were the reply to Americans of the American college at Marash, Cilicia, who tried to mediate when the Turkish troops took the city from the outnumbered French soldiers. A detachment of Turkish troops dragged 85 shrieking Armenian girls from the American college and put them to death. A total of 10,000 Armenians are said to have been slaughtered in the city in a new series of massacres. Americans left with the French and are reported safe.

Turk Butchery Add to Red Menace—Thousands Are Starving

From the Cincinnati Post, March 2, 1920.

New York, March 2.—The arrival here of three Armenian women whose husbands were murdered with their children, gives substance to the new Turkish threat to destroy two million remaining Armenian relief. Hasty action is required to save 1,250,000 destitute persons, who are going barefoot in the snow, with their bodies showing through tattered burlap garments in a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. The people are dying on the roadways.

The following is a true story of God's wonderful leadings of an Armenian preacher. His father was a preacher, but was killed in Adana, Cilicia, in a war in 1895. This man was in a school in Tarsus, studying, but while he was pursuing his studies God called him to preach the Gospel. He obeyed like Abraham of old, not knowing whither he was going, but determined to obey the call of God. He went to the depot, but not having any money he could go no farther. But an angel of the Lord appeared to another man in the same city, and told him to give this preacher $3.00; but he did not obey, and would not give the preacher the money. His body became covered with boils. Then the next night the angel of the Lord said to him, "If you do not give this man this money, you will not be healed." The next day he gave the $3.00 to the preacher, which was the exact amount that the preacher needed. This incident happened before the late war. During the late war the Turkish Government ordered that this preacher should be killed, and commanded two soldiers to bind him and take him outside the city and kill him. Just before the time appointed to kill him, he requested that the soldiers allow him to have fifteen minutes in which to pray, and while he was praying, the prayer so touched their hearts that they decided to release him. So they loosed him and let him go. The preacher was named Abraham.

The following is a letter received from Harry Hohannesian, a friend of mine from my home town in Armenia, telling of the Turkish massacre in Armenia, and how the Armenians suffered at their hands. The writer of this letter was an eye-witness to these atrocities.

Adana, Feb. 21, 1920.

Mr. M. Bogosian and other countrymen in Cincinnati:

My Dear Brothers: A new page opened today to the presses, and to the world not being enough. The persecutions, sufferings and troubles which Armenian people had since five years, tongues and newspapers can't describe, and will not be able to describe. What is it, I wonder? What happened to Marash City, and all the towns around it are burning in flames. A great number of Turkish soldiers coming against the French forces fought very severely, just a month, and during this period thousands of Armenians, probably 15,000, were massacred. Since a year Mustafa Kemal Pasha, political and military leader of the Turkish Nationalist movement in Asia Minor, was preparing his troops. Great Britain and France was seizing this, but they never did pay any attention. So they having a fine chance, they got ready in Marash, and in so many other cities.

On January 18th twenty-two wagons full of French soldiers were coming to Marash from Antab City, in the plain which is at the front of Marash. Turkish troops opposed them, burned all the wagons and all the soldiers in them. On January 21st French General Kerret came to Marash, put in prison six of the leading Turkish men, and asked to pay all the damages they made. Turkish people hearing this at the same day at noon they began to make fire from four sides of the city, and killed all the French and Armenian people who passed by. At this day many were killed and the next day the fight being more severe, the bullets came just like rain, and it continued until February 11. Thousands and thousands of people were killed during this period. On the last days, French army bombarded the city, and three-fourths of the city was destroyed, no churches and schools left, mostly all of them burned and the city in ruin.

On February 8 three troops of soldiers came from Beirut and Adana to help. Armenians were so glad that they can be saved by their protection, but their hope was in vain, because they came only to take along the French soldiers in Marash. The fliers arrived and commanded to stop the fight. When the people understood this, they began to renew their cries and screams; 15,000 people were gathered in churches and schools. They were expecting to be saved by these troops, but they did not know, they were left again to the mercies of cruel, barbarous Turks. On they came and ask me; I was even their General's interpreter; they did not tell me they were going to vacate the city; they only told us, "We are sending the wounded soldiers, after we are going, protect the city." The people who were gathered in the Armenian Girls' College and Boys' Seminary, were asking me, "Mr. Hohannesian, what is going on? We understand the French soldiers are going to leave the city. Is it right?" I did not have courage to answer. Finally they were compelled to withdraw, but the poor Armenians in the city did not know anything about it. Three days they vacate the city they fired strong machine guns. When the Turks saw that the city is being destroyed, they began to run out from four sides, and getting disappointed, a few leaders came to make mediation of Americans. Mustafa Kemal Pasha came to the French General, opening white flags, and they were willing to accept anything they said. But what was the use? They were commanded to withdraw February 10th. Mustafa Kemal while he was conversing with the French Generals, same evening not a single soldier was left in the city—they joined the soldiers who were in the plains.

Only half of the Armenians who were gathered in the college were able to go with them; the people in the city did not know. Ten thousand Armenians were left in the city; 3,500 people started out with them on foot, but 1,500 of them, mostly women and children, were frozen in the storms and snow between Marash and Islahy. Oh, pitiful condition! I can't describe—I wish I had never seen such things; children, young brides, handsome young fellows before they put into pieces themselves! Oh, we have no tongue to describe these horrible conditions of Marash—15,000 Armenians sacrificed! I don't know what European nations are thinking about these happenings, and what America is going to say. This is a great responsibility; if they judge rightly so many persons are responsible.

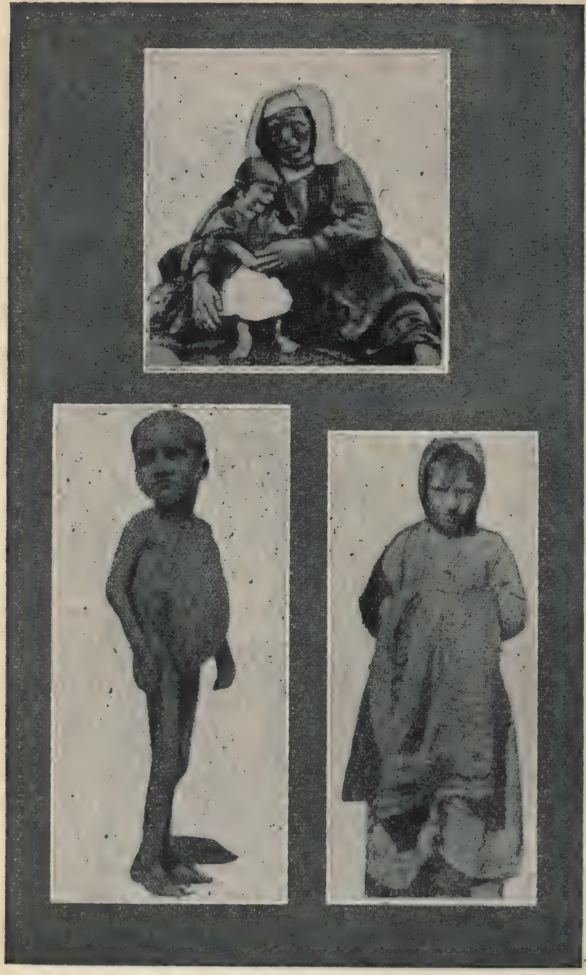
We have no news from any of the towns of Marash except Zeitun. We don't know what happened to them. From our Gaban town only six men and a woman escaped with me. They reached Adana and sixteen men from our town are in the French army, and wives of two of them are in Asland. So all together from our town twenty-four persons are saved. Only we are comforting ourselves with the hope that maybe some men escaped to Zeitun and are fighting against the Turks as long as they can.

So, brothers, this is our condition—hungry and thirsty, with only the clothes we had on us. Tired and sick, passing by hundreds of dead bodies frozen in the snow storms, finally we arrived at Adana City.

Oh! is it not enough that this nation suffer so long? While deportation destroyed 1,000,000 people, now again in a more cruel and barbarous way, burning in flames, shot with fierce bullets, they were cut into pieces with knives and swords—so many thousands of souls were sacrificed. This is the condition of our nation.

Half of the two thousand people who arrived at Islahy and Adana are sick, their feet frozen, stomach spoiled, and having unbearable cough. They are suffering terribly; some even with their feet off. The doctors are cutting them off. Oh, the indescribable condition! I can say the ear of humanity has never heard more pitiful cries, and the eyes of man never seen more horrible crimes. If help is

Could You Have Changed the Events? God Help Us.



No food, no shelter. Feeding long on grass, they look half animal and half human. Bloated and starving.

not sent quickly only one thousand can live of the two thousand people. Already ten to fifteen persons dying every day in Islahy. Their condition is awful.

We did not receive the money which you mention in your letter of November 24. I asked Miss Salmet, an American missionary, before I left Marash. She said she did not get the money yet on account of the war. She remained in Marash, being lame she could not escape in that cold weather.

Brothers, it is not necessary to tell more about our condition. You can imagine yourselves; we have nothing but the clothes we have on. We will let you know as soon as we receive any news from our town. Now I will ask you again to try and do all you can for these starving, sick people. Try also to fix it so we can bring to America some who are of good health. All the men from our town give their regards to your wife and K. Gayjikian.

I remain, your friend and countryman,

HARRY HOHANNESIAN.

If They Were Your Children and Made Orphans by Your Martyrdom

"The parents of two little Armenian children had been killed by the Turks, and these little ones were left helpless and alone. A few days after the martyrdom of their father and mother the younger one, a little baby boy, died of starvation. Soon the older child also, a little girl of only a few years, came to the very verge of starvation. What could she do? She had no one to look after or care for her. Nothing to eat. So in her most desperate condition she took the little hand of her dead baby brother and began to eat the flesh from his fingers, then from his hand and wrist, until at last every bit of flesh from his whole right arm was gone before the case was discovered!"

Some cruel Turks took a little boy and put him in the midst of them. They then took two little pieces of dry wood and tied them together in the form of a cross and told this little Armenian boy to spit on it. The child, understanding what they meant by that, refused to do so. Then the Turks said, "If you will not spit on this cross we shall beat you." He said, "I cannot." They laid hold on him to force him. He said, "I will not." Then one of the murderers gave him a terrible blow in the face. The blood gushed from his nose. They went on, beating him to death, still asking him repeatedly, "Will you spit on this cross?" Each time he refused, not wishing to save his life by spitting on even an imitation of the cross of Calvary on which his Savior died for him. At last the innocent little lamb—but one of the bravest martyrs of Armenia—committed his pure spirit into the hands of his beloved Savior, while under the cruel blows his lips were still muttering, " I cannot, I *will* not."

CHAPTER IV

AROUSIAG'S ESCAPE FROM DESERT AND DEATH

An Armenian Sunday-School Girl's Courage in the Deportations

(Major Stephen Trowbridge in the *Sunday School Times*)

Arousiag Stepanian was born in Constantinople, but when she was a small child the family moved to the city of Brousa. Her father cultivated mulberry orchards to raise silk worms, and he specialized in the examination of the eggs. He traveled among the villages near Brousa to distribute the eggs for the next season and to collect the cocoon for delivery to the mills in the city.

Toward the end of the summer of 1915 his work was suddenly stopped short by the general order from the Turkish government that all Armenians must leave their homes and travel in the direction of Aleppo and Mesopotamia. Arousiag was ten years old at this time; her sister Pailazou was sixteen; Florence was twelve, and Araxi eight. Why must they leave? No one knew exactly. The Turks regarded the Armenians as pro-British and pro-Russian, and were sending them into exile.

The father and mother and the four girls packed themselves and all the goods they could make room for in a hired wagon of the old "prairie schooner" type. At a way station they took the train for Konia on the line of the Bagdad railway. Two months they were detained at Konia by orders from the Chief of Police, so they began to make inquiries for a house. The police heard of this and notified them that they were not to settle. Finally gendarmes came and ordered them out on the trek. No wagon was now available, so they tried to engage porters to carry their boxes and bundles and their road outfit. The police forbade them to hire more than one, so it became necessary to abandon most of their possessions. The police divided these up on the spot.

In the Home Town of St. Paul

The long caravan of exiles was obliged to follow mountain trails in a southeasterly direction until after thirty days they reached the town of Tarsus, where St. Paul spent his boyhood days. Here they were halted for a week. But once more the dreaded command was given and they were told to walk to Katma, a station near Aleppo, one hundred and fifty miles to the east. They had undergone many hardships, and as their money diminished they could buy only the coarsest food. Still they thanked God that all six were together. The father and mother realized that they were being sent toward the Mesopotamian deserts. Arousiag herself will tell what followed.

"At Katma we were ordered to entrain and travel to Ras-ul-Ain. The cattle cars were jammed with people and were filthy beyond words. The foul smell of that mass of unwashed refugees made mother ill, and fever developed at Ras-ul-Ain. The rains were commencing, but we were obliged to sleep in the open. We rigged up a rough shanty as a shelter for mother. But three days later she died. I cannot describe to you the sharpness of that sorrow. We wrapped her body in a white cloth and laid her in a shallow grave.

"Three mornings after that as I woke up I happened to touch father's foot. It was very cold and gave me a start. I asked him to move over a little, but he gave me no answer. Then

I looked at his eyes and saw that they were open and fixed. From the pallor of his face I knew that he also had died. I roused my sisters. They could not believe that he was gone. How could we live without father and mother? We were sobbing; but we comforted one another, and every evening we would kneel in prayer. We never failed in this, though we could scarcely pray for our tears. Some evenings we repeated passages of Scripture we had memorized in the Sunday School in Brousa.

"On a night not long after this, we woke up suddenly to find that Arabs and Chechens (a tribe of Circassians) were looting our shanty. We begged them to have mercy. But they struck us and seized whatever they wished.

"We now had no money left, and we began to suffer from starvation. Previously we had often been hungry, but never to this dreadful degree. For two days after the robbery there were Arabs and Chechens all through our camp. We huddled together, weak from hunger and not daring to go out. Near us were several Armenian butchers who lived at Ras ul-Ain and worked for the Chechens. When they slaughtered cows we went to get some of the entrails or other refuse bits. There were scores of other famished people crowding in ahead of us, so we secured only some scraps. We found a piece of an oil tin, made a fire of dry weeds and cooked this wretched stuff. Thus we strove to satisfy the cravings of our hunger. But we knew we could not keep up much longer in this way. We ate awful things and expected to fall ill, but somehow our bodies stood the strain. My little sister and I went around to the houses of the Moslems and begged bread. They usually gave us their left-over fragments, and we dragged on an existence eight months to the beginning of the second winter.

"The Chechens finally said that the order had come from the Sultan to detain the sick and send all the rest on to Der Zor—that houses would be given them there. What should we do? Some of our friends counseled us to profess conversion to Islam and save ourselves by going to the Chechen houses. But my older sister said, 'Never! I will never give myself up, even though they slay me.' And she very earnestly charged us that if she should perish we should hold fast to our honor and our faith. Five or six Armenian women went over and pretended to believe in Mohammed. They were taken into the harems of the tribesmen.

"In a drenching rain we started on. Three days we walked toward Veiran Shehir and Der Zor. The streams were flooded. We crossed three of these torrents. The Chechens were driving us on. They made us plunge into the streams, not at the regular fords, but where the hollows and rapids were treacherous. Four of my personal friends were drowned.

A Silver Cup for a Passage Across

"We came to a great valley and stopped at the brink of a turbulent stream. We were to cross in the morning. Very early the Chechens came into our midst with clubs and demanded money. Those who did not hand them gold or silver they beat. As my sister was beautiful, even in this misery, one Moslem especially tried to persuade her, and spoke softly to her to give herself up. 'How can I leave my sisters?' Pailazou asked. 'Bring them with you. I will have all four of you,' he said, with an evil look. This aroused her indignation more than ever, and she absolutely refused. They cuffed and threatened her, but to no avail.

"Florence begged an Armenian to help her escape to the other side, so he gave her a hand. I saw on the shore the bodies of two old women who perished in attempting the torrent. Florence got across and called frantically to us to hurry. We were in great distress of mind. For the water was turbid and the bottom uneven. Another man lifted Araxi to his shoulders and carried her across. Both girls began to beseech us to try it. I begged Pailazou not to stop for me, but to make it if she could. So into the waters she went, and with great effort, by holding hands with others, she reached the other bank.

"As she was leaving me she took from her bosom a silver cup which was the one treasure she had managed to keep in all these wanderings. This she handed to me in order that I might offer it as a reward to anyone who would take me through this peril of waters. In the mass of excited people on the other bank Pailazou could not find Florence and Araxi. She searched up and down the bank in the throng, but could not discover them.

"Meanwhile the crowd was moving on to escape from the Arabs. An Arab came near me and I held out to him the silver cup. He understood, thrust the cup under his girdle and forded the river with me on his shoulders. On the further bank Pailazou was anxiously waiting. She caught me by the hand. Hurriedly we picked our way among fourteen or fifteen bleeding bodies which lay upon the shore.

"We were a good distance behind the large company. Suddenly the same Chechen who had been endeavoring to persuade Pailazou appeared in front of us on horseback and ordered us to come with him to the village. Pailazou protested that her two sisters were in the multitude ahead, and she must go to find them.

" 'Your sisters?' he said. 'They are slain with the rest. And I will do the same to you if you do not give yourself to me.'

"Just then he caught and lifted me by the arm into the saddle. I twisted myself out of his grasp and managed to slip to the ground on the other side. He was angry and, drawing his sword, made a slash at me. I instantly crouched so only the tip of the sword cut my head and the forefinger of my right hand. Then again seizing me he flung me over the edge of the cliff into the river. In the plunge I struck the river bottom. When I came to the surface I tried to swim, though I had never been taught. Somehow I was floating with the current. I heard a rifle shot and immediately after a cry from Pailazou, 'Goodbye, Arousiag, goodbye!' I was struggling in the water and was almost drowning, so I could not see what happened on the bank. Had Pailazou attempted to escape, and was she wounded or killed? I do not know to this day.

"The current washed me rapidly along and I suddenly found my hand brushing against a half-submerged thorn bush close to the bank. I grasped at the prickly branches and managed to get my footing. The river at this point was only waist deep. While I was standing in the water looking for a way to climb out, an Arab came and pulled me by the arm. On the bank I was frightened at finding more dead bodies. The people had been wounded or beaten to death. The Arab said nothing, but abruptly abandoned me as though some new idea had come into his mind.

Feigning Death Among the Dead

"I thought to myself, 'If the Arabs come and find me alive, they may shoot me or do some other injury.' So I lay down among the slain and pretended to be one of them. The arm of one I threw over me and the leg of another, so as to escape detection. This was mid-afternoon. Suddenly I saw a group of Arabs coming and caught my breath. They began examining and overhauling the bodies, throwing to one side any which seemed likely to have any money or any garments worth taking.

"As one Arab laid hold of me to drag me thus, I stood upright. You can imagine how startled he was. He demanded to know if I had any gold or silver hidden on my person. When I told him that I had nothing he tore off the buttons from my ragged dress. Then he told me to come to his tent. I held back. He drew a knife and held it at my throat. This terrified me so that I consented. But I was weak from loss of blood due to the sword cuts and the thorn branches, and from lack of food the livelong day. I would go a few steps and fall down and then he would pull me along.

"It was half an hour to his black goats' hair tent. He was about sixty years old. His wife's sister came and looked me over. She called an old man with a razor and he shaved my head. My hair had become very long and badly tangled. This they hung from a bar and showed it to their neighbors as a marvel or trophy. They made a mixture of dough and some salty medicine and plastered this on my wounds for the space of two months. I had no appetite and was very slow in recovering.

"The Arabs slept and sat on the ground and lived in a state of filth. They hooted at me for sitting on a stone (a part of their little fireplace). Many hours I spent in tears. They chided me for this, but the old woman was kind and did not strike me. One day they took me to see another Armenian girl. I yearned to discover Florence and Araxi. But this proved to be Anna Hovhannesian, a friend about sixteen, who had been with us at Ras-ul-Ain. Her home was in Adabazar, near the Sea or Marmora. She threw her arms around me and promised to cheer and help me. She and I learned to spin and spent much time together.

"Every day I crushed wheat for them in a great stone mortar, and went to the stream to fetch water in skins and copper kettles.

Heavy loads I learned to carry. The people were nomads, and according to the pasturage they would shift camp. Up to the hills v went, and down into the plains—back and forth, until I had no idea where we were. At times I thought, 'O God, would that I had been slain by that river, instead of living such a life as this!' Apart from Anna there were no Armenian girls in these tents. When Anna's master caught her speaking Armenian with me he beat and cursed her; but my master, Aziz Esa, passed the matter by and did not touch me.

"I had been with them about six months when word came from the Chechens that any Arab in whose possession Armenian girls were found would have his tent burned. These nomads were afraid at this, but did not like to give me up. So they bought an Arab girl's dress and with six needles tatooed my forehead, cheeks, and chin. My right leg became stiff at the knee from the heavy burden-bearing to which I was not accustomed. They called a sheikh and he mixed gunpowder and milk. He made incisions in my leg into the veins and then thrust in the mixture. This left bluish scars, much like tatooing. Gradually my knee recovered its free movement.

"One day Anna came and told me how every day her master beat her. She proposed that the next morning when they would send us out to cut wood we should run away. We thought perhaps we could discover a road which would lead to Veiran Shehir or Ras-ul-Ain. We had heard that it was five hours to Veiran Shehir.

"Before dawn we took rope and two axes and climbed the hills. It was early summer, and we walked without stopping until noon. We suffered much from lack of water, and had only half-ripe figs to eat. By night we had come to a sharp hill rising in the plain. Here we found many bones which made us think that Armenians had been killed there. The moon was up and the light shone weirdly on this scene. We found a few torn bits of Armenian headgear and shoes. We said to each other, 'Who knows, perhaps some of our own families bravely died here. Let us pause and sing a hymn to their memory.' I composed a song and an air like our old church airs, and we learned this together. Finally we raised our voices and sang this on the night air. I called her 'Swallow,' and myself 'Orphan Girl.'

"Swallow:
Come let us climb the mountains;
Let us find the families that bore us.
Where are they, our beloved fathers and mothers,
And our precious sisters?
Alas, they have been sacrificed by the hands of wild beings!

"Orphan Girl:
Motherless and fatherless
I am left alone.
My soul is beseiged and hard pressed,
My hands you see crossed on my breast,
My head is bent with sorrow.

"In the distance we caught sight of a glimmer of light. Perhaps it is Veiran Shehir, we thought. So with fresh courage we went on. An Arab riding a donkey appeared in the dawn's half light. His voice as he droned a tune sounded strangely like the voice of Aziz Esa. It was indeed he! We had traveled around in a great circle! Our hearts melted within us.

" 'Children of ignorance!' he cried. 'Did you lose your way while gathering wood? I lit this beacon to guide you back.' It was a mercy he did not suspect our having tried to escape.

"Anna was taken off by her master and in a few minutes we heard her screams. Hurrying to intercede for her I found the Arab had her on the ground and was kicking and striking her. Aziz Esa intervened and she was spared any further suffering. She finally escaped and eighteen months passed before I heard from her. I stayed with Aziz Esa's family and almost forgot my own language.

"Anna managed to send a letter through from a station near Nisibin and urged me to devise a stratagem and escape. The Armenians in that railway village were being allowed more liberty as time went on, she said.

"I begged permission to visit Anna and return. Aziz Esa saddled his donkey and set out on the road. I walked behind. We were three eight-hour days on the way. After finding Anna I told my master that I could not leave her. He protested and argued a long time, but finally gave it up and prepared to go. I returned my Arab garments to him, for Anna gave me her old dress.

"I was given shelter and food by an Armenian labor overseer. Finally an engineer took me on to Tel Helif station, where for a few days I found employment breaking ballast stone for the railway. Here a very kind Armenian tailor took me into his home. He had lost his children in the deportations, so he received me as if I were his own daughter.

"One day the garrison commander, a Turkish colonel from Damascus, wished to get possession of me and sent a policeman for this purpose. But the tailor would not give me up. For this the commander had him arrested bound and beaten with five hundred and fifty stripes. The colonel exiled him to Mosul, and put me under guard in a hospital.

"At night I eluded the guard and walked along the tracks to Hevla station, where I besought the engineers to help me. A contractor took pity on me and secured me a pass to Aleppo. He sent me to a friendly Turk in this city, who took me as a housemaid and treated me very well.

"One morning there was firing outside the city. The British cavalry had arrived, and were actually holding the railway station! I felt this was my opportunity. Many times I had heard of a large orphanage managed by Pastor Shirejian, and maintained with gifts from America and England. So I said to my Turkish master: 'The British are here. You cannot keep me any longer.' In broad daylight I walked out of the front gate, and the family did not venture to prevent me. So I inquired my way, and Pastor Shirejian received me most kindly."

"What of the future," I asked. "Will you go back to Brousa?"

"I trust that wholly to God," she replied. "If I return I suppose I shall be put in an orphanage. If only I can study and secure an education so as to be able to serve Armenia I am quite willing it should be in an orphanage. I am, oh, so grateful for the kindness shown me by the pastor. And our hearts are full of hope, because the Red Cross is here and is showing us the friendship of the American people."

CHAPTER V

THE CRIMES OF TURKEY

Dr. Frederick Coan, of Urumiah, Persia, in a brief bird's-eye view of the sweep and extent of the Armenian tragedy as he has seen it in that country, made the startling announcement that of the 7,000,000 who had been killed since the beginning of this terrible war, nearly one-half of that number had been butchered by the Turk, without even the privilege of fighting in defense of fatherland, home or family, that a territory larger than the United States east of the Mississippi had been devasted, and that thousands of towns and villages had been ruined and left without a human being. As an eye witness of both tragedies, Dr. Coan stated that the present massacre far exceeds in loss of life and desolation of land that of the massacre of 1894-5. He told of standing by a huge trench, the grave of two thousand Armenians, who had sought to defend themselves from the Turk until their ammunition gave out; who, on asking at what terms they might surrender, and on being promised their safety (sworn to on the Koran) by the Turks, surrendered, and were immediately given spades and shovels and ordered to dig a trench. When this trench was completed, those 2,000 Armenians were driven into it at the point of bayonets, and there buried. He told of standing by another pit, the grave of 1,600 little children who had been gathered together, saturated with oil, and burned alive, while the fanatical Turks beat drums to drown their dying cries. He told of a bridge from which 1,600 young Armenian maidens had plunged to their deaths rather than live as slaves in Turkish harems.

There are many Mohammedans who do not approve of this massacre. Over and over again I have heard them say, "I wonder that God in heaven does not bring fire down and smite us for these deeds." These Mohammedans have clubbed together, doubled up, and left some houses empty for the refugees. They have also loaned them cooking utensils and dishes, and this in spite of the fact that to them those articles are now defiled since Christians have used them.

One of the great tasks will be the rescue of

They Have Not Smiled Since Father
Was Killed and Mother Died
of Starvation.

hundreds of thousands of women and girls who have been carried into captivity, alive yet dead, slaves to the lust of the Turk. They have been ruined, physically dishonored, but after all they are alive and their souls remain. "It seems to me," said the speaker, "if I have one prayer, it is that as a result of this war the nations will not be satisfied till they have gone up and down through Turkey and given every one of these captives a chance of liberty if she wants to accept it. This war will have failed if that one thing is not done. Some of these captives are Christian women whom I have known, who with their daughters have served us, who have cleansed our feet when worn and travel-stained.

"This has not been a fight of savage against savage; it has been a fight of savage against culture and enlightenment; and on the basis of humanity alone, it is our right, our duty, to come to the help of the world."

Miss Mary Butterfield, our own missionary from Jerusalem, was the next speaker. She told of two special delegations that had come to the church in Jerusalem to beg for relief for parties of refugees who had been deported from their homes and were then on the other side of Jordan. The matter was placed before the congregation, and out of their poverty (in some cases it was real privation) they contributed $132.00. This with three or four boxes of cast-off clothing was sent to the refugees. There were nearly 900 refugees, and each of them received just *fifteen cents!* When the second delegation came there was nothing to give them. "They begged us," said Miss Butterfield, "in the name of God do what you can to get the American Government to interfere and persuade the Turkish Government to let us return to our homes for shelter and food." These delegations told of horrible deeds committed by the Turks; of people saturated with oil and burned alive; of women thrown into the river; of mothers who threw their babies into the river because they could not carry them farther. They said, "We ourselves are sent out there, and we are dying of starvation. You are our mother church now. What shall we do? Shall we do what the Moslem require? If we turn Moslem, they will give us food and shelter." What has become of that band is not known.

Before leaving Jerusalem it was impossible for our missionaries to walk a block without seeing children, sometimes a dozen, lying on the streets and crying for bread. In Bethlehem and Beersheba the conditions are the same. There is sufficient food if funds could be sent for its purchase. The variety is limited, but there is enough to keep people alive and nourish them. Prices are excessive. Before our missionaries left Jerusalem, wheat was selling for twenty dollars a bushel; flour, eighty dollars a barrel; bread, forty cents a pound; potatoes, eighty cents a pound when procurable. Starvation is facing the country.

The following was told by a lad who escaped two years ago. He was then seventeen. He is at present in this country studying with a relative, and eagerly looking forward to the time when he may return home. We give the story in his own words:

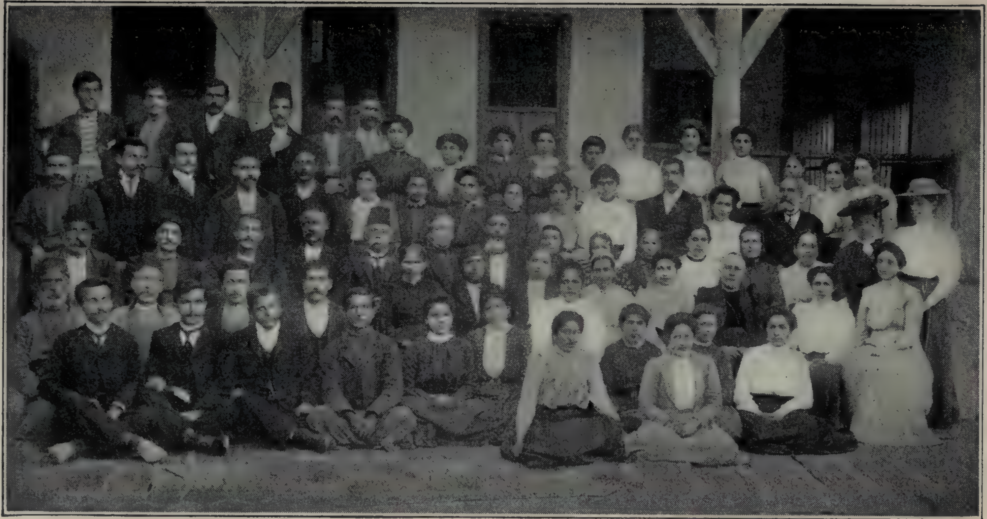
"On March 31, or April 1, 1915, our city was suddenly surrounded by Turkish soldiers. Most of the prominent Armenians were imprisoned, among them my father, who was a professor in a college. They were asked to give up their guns, but as most of them were merchants, doctors, professors, etc., there were few guns among them. Then the officers beat them. The professor in history in our college was first beaten with a stick; his fingers were then burned, then his hair, and finally he was crucified. My father was compelled to witness this, and when he came out of prison he was so ill that under the care of a missionary, he was placed in a hospital for several weeks.

"After the guns had all been given up, on the promise of a German missionary that nothing would happen to us if we did so, we were ordered deported to another city about two hundred miles distant, whither we went.

"While we live as Americans and Europeans in our homes, still we do not allow the girls to be seen by the Turks. The mothers began at once to cut off the hair of the girls, but of course they could not hide their beautiful eyes. Three Turkish officers and 100 soldiers escorted us. One of the Turkish officers saw my sister, thirteen years old, and asked for her from my father. My father refused, and my mother said to him, 'If suicide was not a sin, I would throw myself into the river (we were beside the Euphrates) rather than see my daughter in a Turkish harem.'

"When we entered the city we were surrounded by other Turkish soldiers. They separated the men from the women and put the

Orphanage under care of American Missionaries in
Marash City before the War.



Armenian Church and Sunday-school in Marash City before the War.

men in a great dungeon. There were 550 Armenian men in that dungeon, all the prominent Armenians of our city. The women and children were placed in another prison. When we found ourselves in prison, we prayed, but we did not pray for ourselves; we prayed for those women and children left without father, brother, or helper. We do not weep much, but in that prison there were 550 men weeping. I went off into one of the darkest corners to weep that my father might not see me.

"We had been there a few hours when a Turkish officer came and called for me, and asked me if I would like to go to the prison where the women were. I wanted to stay with my father, but he was a wise man and told me to go. I went. The next night 549 men were taken to the nearby mountains and killed one by one, the Turkish soldiers laughingly declaring later that they only killed them by accident. From that group only one boy of seventeen is living—myself.

"The same officer who asked for my sister, took her away. She wept and cried. Then she asked that cruel officer if we might go back to our town. We were allowed to do so. My mother, another sister, my brother, my aunt, and I returned.

"You will ask what happened to those 2,500 women and children. I saw the Turks with my own eyes take away their clothing and then ask them for their money. Then they drove them out to the deserts. The children were taken by the Turks. Of course, some of the women became Moslems and were spared. Others threw themselves into the river.

"The prettiest children were selected by the Turks, especially the boys and girls from ten to twelve years. They were Christians, and some of them had been educated in the American Christian college, and once they were as free as birds. Now the girls are imprisoned in Turkish harems, buried alive.

"We returned to our home. Almost everything had been confiscated. I decided not to pray any more. The missionaries were there, and they taught me to pray again. I am glad I can pray.

"Under the protection of American consuls and missionaries, I left home in September, 1916. We were helped by the Kurds, who had a little sympathy because we gave them a lot of money. My uncle in the United States sent money to us through the American consuls, and I had enough money. I said goodbye to my mother and other sister. My brother died. He could not endure the sufferings. He was younger than I. Near our city were high mountains. We decided to cross these high mountains through the desert. We were captured the next night. But we bought our freedom with money. We slept in the mountains, sometimes when they were covered with snow. At length we reached the Russian army. Even in that great land I found a small remainder of my nation dying by starvation and disease.

"But it seems enough that I should tell you that a whole nation is being killed and deported by the Turks, and those remaining are dying of starvation. We don't need to tell the horrors. A great nation is starving—that is enough."

CHAPTER VI

UNDER NOAH'S RAINBOW

(Eleanor Franklin Egan in *Saturday Evening Post*)

I was traveling down from Alexandropol to Erivan; out of the north and into the country that is dominated by Ararat. Then we came to the valley of the Araxes. If I had been carried by aeroplane and dropped blindfolded into this valley without a hint to help me find myself, my first thought on being permitted to look about me surely would have been: This can be no other where than Asia. In the tremendous sweep of the land within one's vision, in all its characteristics, in the expansive and magnificent generosity of its outlines there was the unmistakable suggestion of Asia's immensity. It was a surprise to find poor little Armenia so wonderful. Mt. Ararat rises from the very floor of the valley of the Araxes to a height of nearly seventeen thousand five hundred feet. The height of Fuji-yama is twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet—the number of months and days in the year making this an easy thing to remember. Little Ararat, itself a mightier peak than Fuji, seems to nestle close in against Great Ararat's heart, though in reality between summit and summit of their sublime and grandly isolated majesties lies a chasm more than sixty miles across.

The realm over which they reign I think of as a measureless shallow cup; its edges—so far away that no word in one's language has sufficient reach to touch them—are roughly jeweled with points of sapphire and amber. Sapphire and amber; and with pink-lit black pearls for shadows; and changes under the sun's slow-moving rays to lapis lazuli and lavender. It was a gusty storm-punctuated afternoon in the greenest days of summer, and there were colors—marvelous colors!

There was a pale-gray cloud above Ararat; a cloud that suggested breathless silence and great snowflakes sifting down. Away off on the opposite side of the cup an almost tropic rainstorm, with yellow sunlight shining through and under and over it, was slanting crystally down across the Alaghez, the Alaghez being vigorously outlined against ponderously heavy hills lying over against the south. A swift wind was spreading long streaks of mist against the green of the eastern slopes, while the cup's gleaming brim lifted itself high up against the farthest faraway. A vast world; the broadest landscape I ever saw, and with the river Araxes like a brown skirl of ribbon winding across it.

"There were giants in the earth in those days." Companioned as I was by Ararat my mind reached out in a vain effort to vision the Deluge, and this sentence recurred to me insistently. "There were giants in the earth in those days." God made it a land to be peopled by giants and that eventually it should have "repented the Lord that he had made man" seemed to me a curious commentary on Divinity's original judgment. A boundless prodigality in mere scenic construction, then a cast for the Divine Comedy that would not do!

Souvenirs Worth Having

"It repented the Lord that he had made man," so He sent the Deluge and in time brought Noah in his ark—with his kith and kin and "of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort"—to rest on Ararat while the waters and his colossal wrath subsided. The ark, they say, rested between Big and Little Ararat, somewhere in that eternally snow-filled chasm that is sixty miles across. No, not just somewhere. They point out the very spot and tell you, quite as though they believed it to be true, that certain great personages still possess small pieces of the ark that have come down to them through the generations. Some souvenirs! Would you not say so? I though a few authenticated bits of the ark might regarded as assets by a people whose account with the world is largely on the debit side of the ledger. I told them that. I told them could trade a genuine piece of the ark for at least a cargo of flour and maybe make money on the deal.

One way and another we indulged in a good deal of light and mostly pointless talk. Then one day a rainbow came and I for one was silenced and made reverent; questioningly, prayerfully, shudderingly, resentfully reverent. It was another day, the third I had spent in observing from my own Ararat of economic security the struggle of horrible hordes in a deluge of woe. The elements again were reveling in a symphony. There were no clouds hovering in sifting silence over Ararat, but a sunlit rainstorm was sparkling across the valley and the far-away points of sapphire and amber gleamed above wind-driven mists. The rain blew off; it lifted the mists and banked itself in a dense blue cloud sky-high across the eastern slopes. Then the sun, shining through fantastic waves of flame, painted the rainbow.

It was the broadest and completest rainbow I had ever seen. From where I saw it it framed majestic Ararat, and I thought to myself: "God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between m and all flesh that is upon the earth." No, I did not think quite that. I cannot claim to have remembered the verse so accurately. But I d remember "the token of the covenant" and the promise that has soothed the minds of the generations of men. I looked down at a too closely encroaching mob of starving, whimpering people. I lifted my eyes again to the perfect rainbow and wondered why our Creator had not seen fit to guarantee us against a deluge of human woe.

The River Araxes cuts a deep gorge for itself which looks from afar off like a detached chain of low mountains, and against the steep walls of this gorge and out over the hilltops is built the ancient city of Erivan, the capital for the time being of the Armenian Republic.

My coach, a typical piece of wreckage left by the storm of war and Bolshevism which has swept over the countries of the Caucasus, was attached to the train of the commander-in-chief of the British forces of occupation, who was making a trip of inspection throughout the areas involved in the chaos and the quarrels that the Allied peace missions were endeavoring to resolve into something resembling order and agreement. Wherever he went the general was received with an amount of ceremony befitting his rank and position, and because I and my little party were enjoying for a time the privilege of bringing up the rear of his official train we were enabled to see a side of Armenian life we might otherwise ha missed. The Armenians could hardly ha been expected to bring out their silk hats, frock-coats and little armies on our account.

Starved Eaters of Grass

At Kars, which had but recently been freed from the Turks and through which the uncontrolled and empty-handed hordes of refugees were wallowing back toward the lands from which they had been driven, there was nothing to be seen but ruin, starvation and abject misery. At Alexandropol the picture I got was of a too numerous, a filthy, a terrible population plodding through deep mud under a dreary downpour, its eyes on the ground, seeking, searching. I thought of hungry dogs and of how intent and preoccupied a hungry dog is in his quest for food; how he thrusts his muzzle here and there, sniffing at everything. Ghastly unforgetable faces were lifted up for me to see, and awful hands pawed at me. There was a constant whine of physical distress; a hopelessness that was emphasized by the fact that there was just one day's meager ration of bread on hand. There was no flour. A train load of flour had been expected, but something had happened; there was a delay. It would arrive, they thought, sometime within twenty-four hours, but they were not sure. And the people were dying very fast; dying of weakness and exhaustion and epidemic disease.

There was a lot of typhus. They talked about the death toll as we might talk about the score in a game of some kind. It was expected that for that day it would be about two hundred.

I learned all this from the American representative of the relief committee, who volunteered to show me what there was to see. He was working single-handed at the time, in a situation that would have swamped a small army. Two workers who had just arrived from the United States—I traveled with them from Constantinople—had come down from Tiflis, but he had sent them on to Kars, where conditions were even worse than at Alexandropol and where there was nobody at all. They had taken with them some medicines and hospital equipment, but he could send no flour because he had none.

I thought of the old Armenian Governor sitting in his empty office at Kars and of his wail to me: "American generosity knows no bounds, but I'm afraid relief will come too late—too late! Our people are finally doomed, after all the centuries of struggle, to be wiped out!"

There was one thing American philanthropy was doing at Alexandropol. It was feeding a good many children. The Americans were doing that everywhere as a matter of fact; holding out flour for the purpose and being necessarily deaf at times to the entreaties of the adult population in order that as many children as possible might be saved. And at that, even the fed children were for the most part such pitiful little specimens of humanity that it seemed almost better to let them die. They were getting no milk; they were getting no fats of any kind; and a child cannot thrive on bread alone. The hundreds still attached to their families and not yet able to qualify as orphans—the Americans had to shield themselves behind the word "orphans" in order to handle the situation at all—were nearly all dreadful little grinning human runts, dwarfed in an infancy they had not been permitted to grow out of; swollen-bellied, blue-skinned, scrawny little runts! There was too much of that. It turned one sick with discouragement.

Everybody, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to do, was eating grass. The women nearly all carried little bunches of grass in their aprons or tied up in loops of their ragged skirts, while one saw grasses sticking out of most men's pockets. There was a constant munching that really seemed more awful to me than the abject surrender to the inevitable that I was compelled so frequently to witness.

But all this was at Alexandropol. Then came the ride down the straight level stretch of the railroad into the valley of the Araxes; the thrilling companionship of Ararat; the illimitable reaches of a sufficient earth; the soundless but seen music of the elements in symphonious splendor that lifted one's thoughts like searching gusts of prayer to the unfindable infinite. Then Erivan.

The sun was shining at Erivan, but the wind that blew was as cold as though it came straight off the snows of Ararat, while the roads, railway yards and between tracks were a slush of unsightly mud puddles. From where we alighted at the station Ararat was just behind us, a sublime spectacle. It looked to be just a short walk to the foot of the soft upward slope from which the mighty mountain lifts itself, but it was many miles away across a flat green plain.

The Official Reception

There were groups of the destitute plodding up and down in the mud, exposing their sores and skeleton bodies to be looked at, and holding out skinny hands for alms, but an attempt had been made by the better Armenians to put their best foot forward. There was a reception in the wide graveled space in front of the station. The president was there in frock coat and top hat—ancient models, both—and with a numerous suite in nondescript uniforms, any color obtainable evidently, but with bright velvet choke collars, quantities of gold braid and rows of medals. The crowd, which could not be kept away, crushed itself in round the edges. It was a tatterdemalion and grimy crowd, and one knew it had hushed its whine of misery only long enough to see what was going on. Then there was the army—or, to be entirely accurate, there was a company of men drawn up to be reviewed by the general. I think there may have been as many as forty of them, and the contrast between them and the general's small escort of British soldiers inevitably suggested to one's mind the difference between the white man's burden and its just now somewhat disgusted bearers.

I was glad to see them, because the idea at the moment was that the United States surely would accept the Armenian responsibility, and the first step would be the organization of an

Armenian Army under American officers, an army that could be depended upon almost immediately to relieve the United States of the necessity for maintaining American troops in the country.

Even assumed optimism has its uses, and such assurance that the military feature of a mandate could be reduced to a minimum in a very short time was having an appreciable effect on American sentiment. We don't seem to mind economic burdens and political tutorship so much, but when it comes to supporting military establishments anywhere but in our own country we invariably make a row about it. And right we are, too. If the Armenians could prove themselves capable of doing their own fighting and policing under American direction, it was thought in certain circles that we might be persuaded to bend our shoulders and let them climb on.

The British general and his staff of young officers lined up in front of the double column; the colorful and bemedaled Armenian officers fluttered about waving their sabers and clanking their spurs and pretty soon the evolutions began. Shoulder arms! Forward march! Right turn! And so on. Only it was not in that language. The men got out of line, lost step, hopped over mud puddles instead of marching through them, and did practically everything that drilled soldiers are supposed not to do. When they got so badly tangled up that something had to be done about it, their officers would get in among them and straighten them out with seemingly confidential instructions; after which they would begin all over again.

They were uniformed in undyed homespun that was a product of the looms set up by the American Relief Committee. Excellent material it was, too; better than any that can be bought in the highly developed communities where wool has come to be used chiefly for camouflage purposes. But it was uglier than any material had a right to be. Even so, I could not help thinking that with as little effort as it took to make it look as it did look it might have been made up into fitted garments. There is no way to describe the baggy effect they had achieved, and to get a *tout ensemble* the legs of the men were incased in rain-soaked swaths of the same material. There was not a whole pair of shoes in the outfit.

Poor, suffering, heroic survivors of the greatest tragedy in modern history! I am not meaning to make fun of them. I regarded them with unqualified respect. But as a nucleus of an army that would relieve the United States of the necessity for keeping troops in Armenia under a possible mandate they were not very promising. However, the general was as ceremonious before them as he would have been had he been reviewing a crack British regiment. It was a curious scene.

The Tongue-Tied Interpreter

Some ladies, who had learned through the American Relief Committee that I was coming, were on hand to meet me with their arms filled with flowers and their heads filled with prepared speeches of welcome—both of which they proceeded to relieve themselves of at the earliest possible moment. It was very nice, but rather embarrassing on the whole, because none of them spoke anything but Armenian and my interpreter seemed strangely disinclined to interpret. I listened attentively while a large lady with a high voice made a long speech. Then I turned to him with an intimation that I expected from him an adequate summary of it.

"She says you are welcome to Erivan," was the sum total of his translation.

I thought it was a good thing she had talked such a long time, because if she had said any less there would not have been any of it left at all by the time it got through him.

"What else?" I asked.

"Well, she says she hopes you'll visit the kitchens. They're running free kitchens for the refugees."

"What have they to cook?"

This question for some reason started hir off, and he made a speech on his own account which took several minutes. The lady answered at length and with a good deal of interesting gesticulation and facial expression.

When she had finished I said: "Well?"

"Nothing much."

"Nothing much what?"

"Nothing much to cook?"

"What I like about the English language," said I, "is its directness and the way it lends itself to brevity of statement. If you don think it will take all day to say it in Armenian you might tell the ladies that I shall be delighted to visit their kitchens, and please thank them for meeting me with such a kind and courteous welcome."

That started him again and he made another long talk to which the lady replied. She grew eloquent and wept a good deal, while the other two women stood by, heaving occasional sighs to indicate that they concurred.

"Well, what does she say?" I asked.

"She says don't mention it."

"Don't mention what?"

"About their coming to meet you."

"Yes, and what else?"

"Oh, all about the misery of the people and that sort of thing."

He looked very sad. Later on, after I had seen a good many things myself in the capital, he told me she was talking all the time about the ruin of the people's souls. She could not bear that they should be reduced to such degradation through helplessness and soul-numbing horror. He was acutely sensitive with regard to the impression his people might make on me and was wanting me then to observe the better citizens, whose good looks and charming manner anyone might have been proud of. When the President came up to greet me and to introduce the brightly uniformed members of his suite, I fell back on French and did my own talking.

The City That Noah Built

The president had provided an automobile for me, but it was an ancient and wheezy old once-new and soft-spoken vehicle that seemed to have formed the habit of lying down on the job within what an optimist might regard as easy walking distance of the next place he wished to arrive at on time. And there are a good many stories contained in that one involved sentence that I have no time to tell. At that it was the best machine in town. Indeed, it was the president's own, and the only one he had. The general's orderlies had lifted his motor down off its flat car while he was reviewing the troops, and he got away on his tour of inspection while I was being polite and listening in a lady-like manner to the speeches. By the time the ceremonies came to an end it was too late to do much of anything that day, but I thought we might go up into town and locate the headquarters of the relief committee.

I really could not blame the old car for not being able to go along and stop fussing and wheezing. There was a long stretch of road between the station and the town, and no stretch of road on earth was ever in worse condition. There were evidences that once upon a time it had been paved with cobblestones, but I could not think that anybody later than the grandsons of Shem, Ham or Japheth had put the stones in place.

They say Erivan is the city that was founded by Noah when he descended from the ark—that is, the Erivanites say this. Over in Etchmiadzin, a few miles away, they say that Etchmiadzin was the original foundation. I am sure I do not know. But what with all the seemingly fulfilled promises of fruitfulness and multiplication I see no reason why he should not have founded both of them. There is very little in either to inspire civic pride, but being haloed by such legend and by a history that has its authentic beginnings in the remotest ages, they are exceedingly interesting.

Milk Arrives from America

Bad as the middle of the road was we were compelled to turn out into the gutter in order to get past a most important procession. Indeed it was the first of its kind I had seen in Armenia, and I could hardly believe it was real. It was a procession of oxcarts loaded with cases of American milk! Unless you stop to realize that for days on end I had been crying over babies who probably had never tasted milk in their conscious lives, and watching people starving to death and actually dying under my very eyes, you will not be able to understand why such a procession should have thrilled me as this did.

I felt like crying some more, and especially when the local Armenian gentleman who had come along with us told me it was the first milk that had been seen in Erivan since before the war. The town, he said, was greatly excited about it, and an announcement had been made that there were more cargoes on the way. The milk, however, was to be reserved for the orphanages and hospitals. It could not be sold or generally distributed, because there was not enough of it—not yet; but since the American orphanages here and there were already sheltering something like forty thousand children, with a prospect of perhaps two hundred thousand more to be gathered in, everybody was tremendously interested in them.

The American orphanages were establishing the real basis of the future Armenian state. The orphans were to be well brought up and properly educated. They would be the leaders of the next Armenian generation, and by degrees the Armenians would adopt purely American standards and principles; a consummation devoutly to be wished. All of which the Armenian gentleman expressed to me in one way and another as we bumped along over the execrable road.

The American who has things of this kind said to him under such circumstances is not unlikely to feel slightly embarrassed, and to hope in a vague sort of way that American standards and principles are all that they should be. Or he may think he is being coerced by flattery and feel a sense of resentment. It depends on the American. Some of us are modest, but most of us are not—thank heaven! For myself, I very definitely am not, though I manage usually to pretend to be. Nobody can hurt my feelings by telling me how wonderful my country and my people are. I find no difficulty whatever in agreeing with all such opinion. I have seen just enough of the rest of the world to realize fully the magnificence of my own country's place in the sun. But I do have periods of wishing we could vacate the position that goes with moral leadership. I get tired of being afraid that our performance may not always measure up to our standards and principles and to the expectations of our eager friends, who are sure to call us worse names for our shortcomings under the circumstances than they would have if we had kept them in ignorance of how wonderful we are. Some of us have talked too much. But never mind; I think maybe we shall go ahead and finish a few of the things we have started anyhow, and perhaps by degrees the world will forget that we promised to adopt it and bring it up as though it were our own.

American Relief Headquarters.

After we had coaxed our car out of two or three long, silent fits of despondency en route, it finally drew up and died at the curbstone in front of American relief headquarters. We left a governmentally uniformed and much too dainty-fingered chauffeur to perform an autopsy, and went inside. A onetime private residence, quite spacious and imposing; a wide hallway with a bare, splintery floor and weather-streaked walls done in green and salmon-pink scrolls; a widing stairway with worn wooden steps and ornamental banister; and upstairs a large front room with two business-like desks in it, some blue crushed-plush chairs, a few commonplace Persian rugs and a grand piano. The piano intrigued my interest. Is that the way you say it? I hate that word "intrigued," and I never would use it except for the fact that in connection with interest it conveys to my mind an idea of the kind of interest that should be acknowledged as nosey curiosity. It was a shiny-bright, new-looking piano, and I meant to ask them how they came by such a luxury at such a time in such a place. But my interest was soon intrigued by other considerations and I forgot all about it. There was some good music open on the rack, and I observed a general suggestion in everything that the room was the combined business office and home of a couple of not too well-served bachelors.

I was received by Dr. Clarence D. Ussher and the Rev. Harrison A. Maynard. Both these gentlemen are Christian missionaries. I used to wonder why we sent Christian missionaries to Christian countries, but nobody would ask such a question in Armenia unless he were deaf, blind, olfactorily ossified and mentally deranged. The idea latterly has been not so much to turn perfectly good Gregorians into something else, but to turn them into better citizens, illuminate their benighted minds and introduce them to conceptions of health and cleanliness that might make their lives in some degree worth living.

Doctor Ussher is a medical missionary, and during the era when trouble was an interesting something that people got into afar off in picturesque countries with which we had nothing to do, he served twenty-one years in Turkish Armenia. His central station was at Van, and when the Turks were coming into that city and his one-time pleasant life was tumbling in ruins about his ears, he was carried out on a stretcher, suffering from an almost fatal attack of typhus. The story of his journey is as the story of a fearful nightmare. They got him finally to Erivan, where he made a slow recovery. He was eventually attached to the American Committee for Relief as medical director for the Caucasus.

Mr. Maynard had a mission at Bitlis and followed his flock in retreat to Russian Armenia during the great dispersal of the Armenian people. He is now treasurer for the American Committee in the Caucasus section and was himself just recovering from a long siege of typhus when I met him. There was enough typhus always to keep everyone in a constant state of nervous apprehension. The population was crawling with the disease-bearing insect and one was reminded of the danger at almost every step. One of our nurses—a splendid young woman who was a member of a Vassar unit—had just died of it, and the little American community that loved her was saying its prayers very sadly.

We talked along about various things, and presently an announcement was made that General Gorgonov, the mayor and civil governor of the district, was below, accompanied by a delegation of leading citizens, and desiring an interview. I, having made my plans for the following day, rose to take my departure, but was invited to stay and sit in. Doctor Ussher thought I might hear something that would interest me. I did, and I must say I felt sorry, very sorry for the Armenian gentlemen. They had come to beg, and they begged with a persuasive eloquence and with a cause to plead that I think I should not have been able to resist if I had been directing the affairs of the relief committee. But the directors were made of sterner stuff than I; so stern, in fact, that they seemed to me at the moment to be utterly heartless. It must be a terrific thing to have put up to you the necessity for deciding to let certain persons die in order that others may live.

The government had no flour with which to produce the next day's ration of bread. The committee had two carloads carefully guarded on a siding down by the station, and the delegation had come to ask that one carload be consigned to the government to feed the people. The committee gently but firmly refused.

Little Flour and Many Mouths.

General Gorgonov argued that a breadless day in a city where there was practically nothing to eat but bread and grass would be very dangerous. There would be riots. But worse than that, the death toll for the day would be tremendously increased. In ordinary times Erivan had about twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, but in the city and its environs as many as one hundred thousand refugees had fastened themselves upon the people, and they, too, had to be fed. Moreover, large numbers of them had been reduced by starvation and hardship to the last ounce of physical resistance. They could not live through a breadless day. And how many days would there be? Where was the flour?

I was to learn that men sometimes have to be heartless in order to obey the dictates of what they believe to be right judgment. Doctor Ussher and Mr. Maynard, as well as other members of the relief staff who had come in for the conference, were unemotional to the point of frigidity. They had assumed full responsibility for thousands of children, and their little hospitals were crowded with patients. These people had to be taken care of in some way, and the committee dared not take the risk of narrowing its already too narrow margin of supplies. The unclassified and unenrolled others would have to live through the breadless days—or die. There was no help for it.

And maybe it would be only one day after all. There was a delay in the delivery of American flour from Batum, but representatives of the committee had been sent down into

Persia with money to purchase grain that was known to be there, and these representatives might be counted on to come along in a day or two at most with enough to tide the people over a brief period. But there was no certainty about anything; everybody knew what the difficulties were with regard to transportation; the food trains might be raided by bands of Tartars on the way; the American agents might not be able to get engines or fuel or freight cars; any one of a number of things might happen, and the committee could not risk the possibility of having to starve the children and the sick. No, the government could not have the flour. I think I never saw men so depressed. They went away with bent shoulders, looking hopeless and somewhat resentful.

The next day I went with Doctor Ussher round the town. It may be enough to say that the town is a mass of ruins, though that conveys nothing in the way of a picture. There are ruins and ruins, and Erivan does not suggest so much the ravages of war as the ravages of time. Having been built of mud and rubble and soft varieties of stone, it has simply crumbled into unsightly heaps, except for a few cheap looking streets of fairly modern buildings. In the main it is a town of rubbish-strewn and malodorous nooks and crannies. But it is picturesque. A large part of it clings to a cliff's edge over the river gorge as thou it had grown there out of the soil itself. It is a rock-roughened and unfriendly soil, offering encouragement to nothing but thorn bushes and harsh spiny grasses. It is a town of steep hills, from the tops of which there are wonderful views of the vast valley of the Araxes, wonderful views of Ararat and the Alaghez.

We went first to the employment bureau i a great tumbledown house with a wide pave court and inner balcony. We stepped ove prostrate forms to get in, and found the court filled with the unemployable; pitiful, awful wretches who swarmed round us weeping bitterly, cringing, beseeching, lifting up the hem of my skirt to kiss it. I shuddered away from them. I could not help it. But inside I found young American women—of the clean-cut refinement that is characteristic of our best type of college girl—putting hundreds of more or less the same kind of wretches through the process of examination and enrollment. I remember doing somewhat the same sort of thing in the midst of typhus-stricken mobs in Serbia in 1915, but the American women on that job wore the most hideous safety outfits you ever saw, and did most of their handling of people with tongs, so to speak.

Self-Sacrificing American Girls

These girls were dressed in neat blue-linen uniforms with white collars and cuffs—uniforms that had the regular American-girl look—and they were so freshly sweet and pretty that I felt it was wrong for them to be there. Of course it was not, except that they were taking their lives in their hands every hour of every day. I met the same kind of girls in the business offices, the hospitals, the orphanages and schools. And I saw them walking among the crowds on the streets and in the market place, which was no longer a market but a camp for refugees. At home they might have been just a few among hundreds of merely American young women, but out there they were radiant. The contrast between them and the people they were engaged in serving was simply amazing.

They were a particularly fine company, to be sure, but even so they were typical. They were all college graduates of the past four or five years, and had all taken special training for their volunteer service. It was whispered to me that one of them at least—and the snappiest of the lot she was, too—was very rich and had a rich father and mother at home worrying about her and wondering what they had done to deserve a daughter with a conscience so completely out of relation to her face, figure and fortune; a daughter who didn't have sense enough to take advantage of the pleasant life they had prepared for her; a daughter who preferred to give up—oh, everything! And Armenia of all places! But she was having a wonderful time, if I am any judge. She was working among the children; the children who had not yet qualified as orphans; the children who day after day were gathered up in the streets to be fed in big, empty rooms here and there, where they squatted together in huddled groups, and were happy over chunks of black bread and cups of a hot brew of some kind that had no fat in it; the swollen-bellied, blue-skinned, hollow-eyed, indescribably ragged and filthy little pitiful runts; all of them ugly, none of them touchable! The willful little rich girl had taken the place of the girl who died. It was as supervisor of this particularly unpleasant part of the committee's work that the girl who died caught the typhus infection.

Conditions Not Improving

The American committee had set up many looms, tailor shops, carpentry shops, wagon factories, blacksmith shops and what not. But raw materials were very scarce and employment had to be reserved for the really employable. There would have been work for everybody if there had been materials to work with. There were no implements, no seed grain. And that was the meaning of the weeping and beseeching hundreds in the courtyard of the employment bureau. But up to that time the best the Americans had been able to do was to give employment to about eight thousand men and women. It is all now more or less as it was then. I am writing about midsummer of 1919, but nothing has changed except for the worse.

From the hilltops of Erivan one looked out over the wide-spreading, far-flung beautiful valley and saw not a single acre under cultivation. That was the saddest thing. In all the country—and I traveled over a good part of it—I cannot remember seeing a plowed field. There were no farm implements, no seed grain. And there were no animals either, save a few donkeys, ponies and oxen—all in a fearful condition. One of the Americans told me a story about some children he once saw disputing with hungry dogs the carcass of a donkey that had died of starvation when the pastures were under snow. We were exchanging hideous experiences and he thought this beat anything I had to tell about. The pastures were green when I saw them, and the animals could eat, but, nevertheless, they were bags of bones, and since no grass was being cut to feed them through the winter, I imagined that by the spring of 1920 they, too, would probably all be gone.

Doctor Ussher and I left the employment bureau and went for a tour of the workshops. We walked from one to another, picking our way through muddy, rubbish-strewn streets, laboring up stony hills and down into stagnant gullies. We saw the people at their labors; the washers of wool; the combers, carders, spinners and weavers; the workers in cotton; the smiths and carpenters; and I observed that they were all working with crude implements of their own fashioning. It was as though they had just begun to live and had brought with them into life a half-remembered knowledge of old methods of producing life's necessities.

Then we went to the hospitals and the orphans' homes. These were nearly all established in queer old buildings that were never meant to serve such purposes, but they were well arranged, orderly and scrupulously clean. Both hospitals and orphanages were furnished almost entirely with unpainted articles turned out by the committee's carpenters; the blankets on the beds were of the undyed woolen material from the committee's looms; the mattresses and pillows were mostly made of American flour sacks stuffed with grass. The children for the most part were uniformed in ugly, dirty-white cotton goods from the committee's mills. Everything that was being done was being done by Americans disbursing the funds provided by American benevolence.

The boys in one orphanage had a carpentry shop and were turning out desks for the school rooms, wooden beds, chests of drawers and tables. Doctor Ussher enjoyed calling my attention to the effect on a child of a little feeding and proper care. In all the institutions there were children who had been in quite a while, others who had come in later, and so on down to those who had just arrived, and the difference between the newly arrived and the first comers was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. The doctor beamed on some sturdy-looking boys who were playing handball out in a courtyard, and told me that only three weeks before they had been starved little creatures who would not have had strength enough to throw a ball even if they had known how.

The Question Never Answered

Maybe you think all boys know by instinct how to throw a ball. Well, maybe they do. I used to think all children knew by instinct how to play, but I can testify that in Armenia the rescued children in the American orphanges have to be taught how to play, while outside these institutions no little boy or girl is ever seen doing anything that even remotely resembles indulgence in childish amusement. It occurs to me that I saw thousands of children and that I never once saw a child laugh. Wan little smiles I saw, yes; but never a laugh. Even the children in the homes were solemn little things. One felt that they had had wrung out of them all the sparkle and lightness of life. But outside the little people were worse than solemn; they were tragic. They had never known what it was to be happy. They had come from the unconsciousness of underfed infancy to the consciousness of starved childhood without ever having seen the face of anything but fear. They had learned only to whimper and whine; to search like hungry puppies for bits of food; to hold out their hands for alms; to cling to their fear-stricken elders; to huddle together in silence and sit still. This is the impression one gets of Armenian children.

The martyrdom of the Armenians began almost simultaneously with their adoption of Christianity, and even before that they seem to have been more unpopular with their neighbors than any other people that ever lived. There must be some reason for this, but nobody has ever satisfactorily defined it. Everybody asks: "What's the trouble with the Armenians anyhow?" But it is a question that is usually answered with a wry smile, as much as to say: "Whatever it is it won't do us any good to talk about it." Their characteristics are evident enough, but none of them is sufficient to account for the bitterness of the hatred they seem able to inspire. It is a mistake to believe that the Turks in killing Armenians are actuated by religious fanaticism. They use that for an excuse at times and make the most of it to whet their zeal, but apparently it is whatever it is that is the matter with the A menian that urges the Turk to violence.

The Armenians are accused of an acqui itiveness of a particularly unpleasant variety but it cannot be said that they have a monopoly of that defect. They are pugnacious and d signing. Time and again in their history on finds them plotting against a neighbor, pickin a quarrel, then fleeing for their lives with wails of woe and shrieks for sympathy. Yet *time and again one finds* them fighting bravely and behaving as nobly as any people could. They are a queer mixture. They are exceedingly intelligent and always industrious, yet they have descended farther into hell on earth than any other people that ever lived. Only their intelligence and industry have enabled them to survive. If they had been a stupid, lotus-eating people, they would have been exterminated long ago. Yet it is as well to remember that they have the elasticity of the Orient.

We read of a war they had with the Mohammedans at the beginning of the tenth century, a war which lasted thirteen years. "The wretched inhabitants fled to the mountains and the deserts; the remnant wandered about in a state of nakedness and experienced all the tortures of famine. When winter came thousands perished in the snow. If they fell into the hands of the enemy they were either massacred or subjected to every description of torture." An excellent account of what has happened in the twentieth century. And during each century of the millennium there have been similar tales to tell. Again:

"Whole towns were destroyed and whole countrysides depopulated. . . . This state of affairs continued for no less than seven years, exhausting the country and denuding it of cultivation." The wail was: "We sow, but do not reap; we plant and gather not the fruit; the fig tree bears not, and the vine and olive tree are barren. We collect a little and abandon the rest."

Their chief characteristics, of course, are intense nationalism and religiosity. They have always fought tenaciously against subjugation, and have steadfastly resisted every effort that has ever been made to absorb them, resorting at times to every imaginable means of self-expression, admirable and otherwise. Their nationalistic zeal has marched hand in hand with their religious fanaticism. They could never get together even with their Christian neighbors, and fought many a fierce battle with the subjects of the Cæsars over differences of religious opinion. At one time they nearly wiped themselves out trying to establish th version of the unfathomable subject of Christ's divinity.

Some Legendary History

I should like to write a history of Armenia, it is so filled with wonderful names and so overlaid with color. Strangely enough faint traces of the color still exist and one is permitted in some parts of the country to dream dreams of an heroic past with the almost undimmed ornament of the past before one's eyes.

I like the name Vagharshapad. It is the ancient name of the city of Etchmiadzin. Etchmiadzin means "where the Only Begotten descended from heaven," and was substituted for

Vagharshapad when the Armenian church was founded.

Vagharshapad was the capital of ancient Armenia, and the ancient Armenians seem to have been somewhat predatory. There was a powerful monarch at the beginning of the third century who cast covetous eyes upon the riches of the Sassanian Empire and resolved to gather them unto himself. He assembled vast armies, including "Huns from beyond Caucasus and other nomads," laid waste the northern provinces of Persia and marched to the very gates of Ctesiphon. This makes a colorful picture in my mind. I myself have stood "at the gates of Ctesiphon." Or rather I have walked among the mounds of desert sand that cover the once great city's ruins and have here stood in awe before the one mighty relic of its greatness that is left for us to see. This is the arch of the throne room of the palace of the Sassanian kings; of its kind the most magnificent structure on earth.

The Armenians made war on German principles. They attacked without provocation and fought for spoils. For ten years they harried and harassed their neighbor, filled their country with his treasure and adorned the temples of their gods with his jewels. Then the Sassanian king, whose name was Ardashir, decided to put a stop to it, so he advertised for a reliable murderer. He wanted someone to go over into Armenia and kill the Armenian potentate. It was a Parthian who volunteered. His name was Anak. He accepted Ardashir's promissory note for a large reward and set forth upon his mission. He was a Parthian of the blood royal and had letters of introduction to the very best people. They did things in a leisurely manner in those days. He took his whole family with him and settled down in Vagharshapad. He established a rich menage and spent a most enjoyable winter. Indeed, he had such a good time and made such a lot of interesting friends that he almost forgot what he was there for. But spring came and the Armenian began to drill his troops and make preparations for more raids. Then Anak woke up and bethought him that his purpose was to serve Ardashir and collect a rich reward.

The Adventures of St. Gregory

He chose a night of revelry when he w the king's guest. He thought he might not be able to do it alone, so he induced his brother to join him, and because they were very popular and highly regarded gentlemen, they were able to lure the king into a quiet corner for a little confidential talk, and there they ran him through with their swords. They made a quick escape, but it was not quick enough. A king is soon missed from among his courtiers. He was found mortally wounded, and the hue and cry for his murderers was set up. Set upon by the king's soldiers, they perished in the flood of Araxes.

The king lived just long enough to decree that the whole family of Anak down to the last babe in arms should be massacred. But by some means not revealed in the records, two sons of Anak were saved. One of them was spirited home to his relatives in Persia; the other was carried off to Cappadocia. The one who went to Cappadocia fell into the hands of Christians, was brought up a Christian and lived to become Saint Gregory, the founder of the Armenian Church.

The story of Gregory even briefly sketched would fill a volume, but to go to Etchmiadzin without a few points of it fresh in one's mind would be to miss practically everything that Etchmiadzin has to offer.

The murdered king was succeeded by his son, Tiridates, who was a small boy, and during the regency of the nobles first Ardashir and afterward his son and successor, whose name was Shapur, made wars of vengeance on Armenia and reduced the country to ruin. Gregory grew to pious manhood in ignorance of his father's crime, and the secret was not revealed to him until after the Armenians had succeeded in driving the armies of Shapur from their country and had placed the splendid pagan, Tiridates, upon his throne. When Gregory learned who he was he chose at once what he conceived to be his path of duty, and forsaking all else made his way back to Armenia resolved to devote his life to the interests of the king whose father his father had murdered.

He came eventually to Vagharshapad, where he entered into the king's service. By virtue of his high moral attributes and his lofty intelligence he rose rapidly in his master's confidence and soon became a trusted counselor. But he kept his secret to himself and steadfastly refused to renounce the Christian faith, though Tiridates, to induce him to do so, tried every method of persuasion, from good-natured argument to an occasional experiment with fiendish tortures. Then came a great feast day when Tiridates stood in the temple of his favorite god demanding sacrifice from everybody in his kingdom. He commanded Gregory to place upon the altar of Anaitis an offering of garlands. Gregory refused. Whereupon a jealous courtier who had learned his secret denounced him publicly, saying:

"Sire, this man deserves not the light of thy countenance. He has dwelt among us a man condemned, knowing that he abused thy confidence. He is the son of that Anak who slew thy royal father and plunged Armenia into ruin!"

He was thrown into a deep pit under the castle of Artaxata, where it was intended that he should perish, but in the castle was a tender-hearted widow who kept him alive by ministering secretly to his needs. Thirteen years passed. Then came to Armenia a band of Christian nuns who had fled from Rome to escape the outrages of Diocletian. One of them, Ripsime, was reputed to be the most beautiful woman in the world, and Diocletian had sought to tear her from her convent.

When he learned that she had fled with her companions to Armenia he sent an ambassador to Tiridates to warn him of the danger of permitting Christians to live in his realm and to advise him to put all the women to death, all save Ripsime. She was too beautiful to be sacrificed. Diocletian wanted her, but it pleased him to be imperially generous and to assure Tiridates that he might keep her himself in case he should be overcome by her loveliness.

Needless to say he was overcome, and he made immediate preparations to have her brought to his palace—in glittering procession if she wished; by force if necessary. Force was necessary. Then came a long struggle of wills, the details of which are written in the old books but may not be written in these days; a struggle in which Ripsime, inspired by her faith and upheld by her belief in the sanctity of her vows, came off victorious. In the end Tiridates, baffled, discomfited, humiliated before all his people, committed the great crime and had the entire company of holy women put to death with horrible tortures.

A few days later he and a number of his courtiers were turned into wild boars, foaming at the mouth, devouring their own flesh and rooting in the refuse of the kingdom. This really is a wonderful story.

One dark and stormy night the king's sister had a vision. She was a good sister and was not included among those condemned to metamorphosis and dementia. Her name was Chosrowidukht. A radiant being appeared to her and told her that the only person who could restore the king and get the country out of its difficulties was a certain prisoner whose name was Gregory. He was confined in a deep pit under the castle of Artaxata and must be brought forth. Gregory alive? Impossible! It was thirteen years since he was thrown into the pit to die! But Chosrowidukht dared not disregard the commands of the vision.

Modern Etchmiadzin

Gregory was brought forth. He was a time-blackened, filth-incrusted, shriveled little man but a halo hovered above his head. He restored the king to reason, but not at once to human form, because first he must bury the bodies of the martyred nuns and seek the counsel of God. He retired from the sight of the eager people who now began to follow him on their knees, and sojourned for sixty days in the place where the nuns had lived among the great vats of an abandoned wine press. There one day he was startled from his prayers by violent peals of thunder in a clear sky, and terrific rumblings of the earth. The heavens opened and the Man, in an aura of celestial splendor, descended. Gregory followed the Divinity from point to point in the city of Vagharshapad and noted each spot where he struck the ground with a golden mallet, saying each time: "Here shall a chapel be built." There were thirty-seven in all, in memory of the martyred nuns, and a great central cathedral.

This is how the name of Vagharshapad came to be changed to Etchmiadzin—"where the Only Begotten descended from heaven."

Etchmiadzin is a fearful place! It is built on flat, swampy ground, but is surrounded by such mountainous and far-flung grandeurs as I have already tried to describe. Mt. Ararat is so close that one feels an impulse to reach out and lay hands upon its eternal snows. But in the town I saw nothing but shivering misery, tumbledown hovels, rutted and muddy streets that the little motor truck I had borrowed from the relief committee had a hard time getting through, a fairly modern academy, an ancient monastery—and the churches.

The churches are commonplace. At any rate they are not at all impressive. I found it very difficult to believe that the cathedral was even resting on its original foundations, yet they told me it was practically as it was built under the direction of Saint Gregory himself some seventeen hundred years ago.

CHAPTER VII.

"RAVISHED ARMENIA," OR THE "AUCTION OF SOULS"

(Condensed by C. S. H., from the story of Aurora Mardiganian, the Christian girl who survived the great massacres.)

It was Easter Sunday morning, April, 1915, when early, even before the rising of the sun, old Vartabed stood and was silent. Some way he realized that something was going to happen. He was awakened by the calling of the Mohammedan to the Third Prayer. He wanted to do something, but half drowsy, he looked over the hills and down into the plain of the Mamuret-ul-Aziz.

For twenty-five years he had stood on that same hill and looked down into the valley. But this time the shepherd was troubled about something. A strange foreboding of the night before could not be shaken off. He stood gazing at the stretches of green that were beginning to show, and knew that soon the bleating of the sheep would be ended. He looked to the north, towards the Euphrates River and did not know what his eyes sought, but something seemed to threaten from up there.

He planted his stick in the ground as a sign to the sheep that at the place where it was the shepherd would come back. Then he picked his way down the path that led to the home of the banker, Mardiganian. In this house he was always welcome. He had been the keeper of the herds belonging to three heads of the Mardiganian families.

Upon arrival, he asked the servant if the master had already gone to work, but she was amazed and reprimanded him for not knowing that this was Easter morn. He was led into the magnificent parlor of the home and there met the banker, himself. He told him of the vision that he had received. This was that he was to care for the sheep, but at the same time he did not realize that it was to be the Armenians. He feared that there was some trouble brewing from the north, but the banker refused to listen to him on the ground that just the day before they had heard that the ruler had spoken of the good of the Armenians in assisting them in the war. But in spite of the entreaties of the banker, old Vartabed refused to listen to him, and after the usual visit, started away to the care of the sheep with a sad heart.

Strange, indeed, but the shepherd refused to give the usual greetings to the daughter of the banker. He told her that he had no good wishes to give away today, and then told her of the sad forebodings of the night before. She feigned that she was cross, but he refused to come to her and went outside the gate and then returned to the sheep, leaving her to wonder at the strange things he had said.

The whole family seemed to take it all as a joke and paid very little, if any, attention to it, and went on as though nothing had ever happened. This young lady in conversation with Vartabed is the heroine of the story.

The Visit of the Pasha

This young girl and the rest went ahead to have their usual good time on account of Easter. The older one was to be married before next Easter and she wanted to enjoy the last Easter of her maidenhood. The younger one, whom I shall now introduce, is Aurora Mardiganina. She was but fourteen years of age, and was very beautiful. She was before the mirror arranging for the fourteenth time the blue ribbons which she was to wear to church that morning. She was somewhat proud, for she had been trying to do this in order to make all the rest of the girls at the church envy her for her beauty. Her older sister took this chance of upbraiding her for her vanity. They were determined not to allow anything to mar their happiness.

But not long after Vartabed had left the house their joy was turned to sadness. One of the girls looked out of the window and there she noticed three Turkish soldiers standing at the gate on guard. They knew what that meant, as they had been there before.

Here we introduce to the readers the one who shall have a great deal to do with the slaughter and deportations of the people of that city, namely, Hushein Pasha. He had been at the home of Mr. Mardiganina several times before and had desired him to give him the heroine of the story as a girl for his harem. We are told that every one of the Turkish authorities had several of these girls for themselves. If they could not obtain them by fair means they would by threats, and if not that way they would take them any way they could get hold of them. This man who came for Aurora had several of the prettiest girls of that section in his harem, but was never satisfied. He came this morning to again make an appeal to the father to let him have her for himself. The father had refused him every time. The mother came up where they were and when they saw the look of sadness on her face they knew there was something wrong. Without asking any questions they knew what was the trouble, for they heard the Pasha's voice. In the course of the conversation Aurora heard that if she be not given up that it would mean persecution for the whole family. But in the heat of the conversation the father answered for them all when he said that they were in God's hands and that His will be done; and it could not be His will that his daughter should fill that kind of a place. This greatly enraged the Pasha and he left with the soldiers following on behind.

Even after he was gone the girl begged the father to let her go and to tell him that she would be his if he would only promise protection to the rest of the family. But the father refused to allow her and assured her that his word was final and that he would never give his consent for her to go. On the other hand, he explained that the Lord's will must be done and she will not have to go. So she yields to the father's entreaties.

"In a short time we noticed that the crowds were beginning to gather in the public square. We also went, and found out that the word was from one of the towns, Van, where there were thousands of Armenians living. There was a general massacre of the Armenians there. The people were going to and fro hastily and waiting for further news from other places. We were told that there were thousands of them killed. For the time being this caused a reign of terror in our town, Tschemesh-Gedzek."

Some of the people went to the office of Hushein Pasha and asked him concerning the massacre, and he said it was only a riot and there was no cause for alarm. This somewhat sufficed them and many of them were beginning to feel at ease. This was increased when they heard that the Armenians at Van had fortified themselves and were fighting back. But those who were more thoughtful were afraid that this meant a general persecution throughout the realm.

"Our fears were confirmed when we heard that there was to be strict confinement of all the people in our town under penalty of death. When the news was broken to father he seemed greatly troubled and he went immediately to Harpout, there to consult with higher authority and try to in some way secure protection for themselves. While he was gone the order was made that there was to be no one on the streets after one o'clock of that day under penalty.

"This caused a great deal of worry on the part of the families of many, especially ours, for father was gone and he was in danger of coming back and, being ignorant of the orders, be slain. We after dark sent out our younger brother, Paul, to notify father, but when he went out it was a hard problem, for they were watching for them all the time. While Paul was gone the officers came to the house and asked for father, but he was not there. They came every little while and asked if he had yet returned, for all the wealthy and influential citizens were to come to see the Pasha and be addressed by him.

"In the meantime we noticed that there were to see the Pasha the ones who had been criminals and outlaws. These had been let out of the jails and were given the uniforms and guns and knives, and were put to work. This is the way the Turks do things. If they have any mean thing to do they always employ this means of accomplishing their ends.

"Now fifty of the city's leading men had been called for a meeting with the Mustariff, or as we would call him, the Mayor of the city. Instead of them being marched to the home of the Mustariff, they were sent to the jail, where they were to see the mayor. Many wondered at this, but they were told that it was not so far there and they would be back before long. After they did not return many people ventured out to see what was going on, and then they were told that they would have a short conference and be addressed by the Pasha and then released.

"But late in the evening the Pasha came out and told them that they should not fear, for the men would be back in the morning. This, however, was a dreadful lie, for after a while we heard the screams coming from the jail, and we knew that the men were being slain."

At this juncture we are obliged to introduce another man in the person of Father Rhoupe He was much loved by the Mardiganian fa ily. It is to him Aurora went when she heard of the orders for deportation. He seemed to be a very nice man. When she came with the message he seemed to be at a loss to know what to do. After a while he said it would be fitting to pray about this matter. He prayed a earnest prayer to God in behalf of the suffering people, and surely God could not lend deaf ear to the cries of this child. After he prayed he sat a while, and then told her that she must resign herself to God entirely and yield herself to Him and do whatever her parents told her to do. This man was one of the fifty that were in the prison of which I have been telling.

After the Pasha had left they took these men and beat them into unconsciousness and then after they came to, beat them insensible again. When they came to Father Rhoupen, they said, “‘This man must die; it is a waste of time to beat him further. But they offered him a chance to say the Mohammedan oath, the rek’ah, but he would not do it. When he raised himself to try to speak, they thought he had started and waited to receive his oath, but when he said that he believed in only one God and Jesus Christ his Son was his Savior, a soldier took a sword and cut off his head.

The next man they came to was a man who was a teacher, or a professor. He had been greatly respected and they said that they would spare him if he took the oath, but he refused to do it, even on the penalty of death. They took him, tore out his finger nails one by one, then his toe nails one by one, and afterwards stabbed him to death with their knives. Suffice it to say here that all these men were slain that night, and when morning came there was not one of them that was alive.

"After we returned from the place we found that father had returned. The look of his face was enough to convince us that the purpose of his visit had been thwarted and there was no hope for them.

"The next morning there came the news that all the men over eighteen were to meet for a public meeting in the public square, and those who were there after the time were to be killed. This included father. There was a sad parting in which father told us that we must be brave. He kissed us all in turn and then left us and started out to the public square. Paul, who was only fifteen, followed father to the square and when he wanted to come back they would not let him, and said that they would not have to gather him up with the women and children the next day."

CHAPTER VIII

THE DAYS OF TERROR BEGIN

The men were sent to the public square and were told that they were to be addressed by Ismail Bey, the Vali, who had come up from Harpout for that purpose, but some did not believe it. They were taking that as an excuse for massacring the men.

"During the conscription there was a young man, a school teacher, who was exempted. He had graduated from an American school and it was to him that Lusanne, my sister, was to be married the following year. When he saw them take his father he disguised himself as a girl and came to us and told us that he was going to see the German counselor and try to intercede for us.

"While the crowds were assembling in the public square there were many who came to our house, for we had a good view of the square. One woman who had been married not quite a year recognized her husband and went out to see him. When she came near a Turk knocked her down with the butt of his gun and when they noticed that she was about to become a mother they all took turns to stick her with their bayonets.

"In the meantime a messenger came to us telling us that father was allowed to talk to us, and we went and talked a little while and then went back to get for father and Paul the things he had desired. When we came back the second time we were not allowed to talk very long. Father told us that they were to be sent out into the desert. About midnight there was a great noise from the square a we were seen looking out the window. The men were lined up and started to march. On the way the older and more feeble ones lagged behind. They were killed when they were not able to keep up with the rest of the party. Half the men when they arrived at a certain town were put into an old castle and the rest were taken across the river. Before long we were told that they had been killed. The other men were allowed to stay in the castle.

"Years before this there had been a very pretty girl who had renounced her religion and became Mohammedan. She was allowed to take water to the men in the jail. Permission was granted her and she did so, but in th bottom of the bucket she had hidden some stones. She then took them some oil. After the older ones had been put to death with these stones by our own people, they set the oil on fire. Father had taken and killed our belove Paul with one of these stones. When thi woman was discovered doing this she was carried into the burning building and perished with the rest.

"The word came from headquarters that all the women and children were to be ready for deportation within three days and they were to be ready at that time to move. This was a busy time, for the people were selling all their possessions and taking with them only such things as they could possibly carry. We sold nearly all the things we had and then got ready to be sent away. We went to see a friend of ours, but when we arrived we found out that she had been carried away during the night. On the way back a soldier accosted me and told me to follow him, but I broke away from him and ran home as fast as I could.

"On the third day the soldiers were there and gave orders for the deportations. We were all to assemble in the public square at a certain time. This was some time before they all came. Some had with them carts and donkeys and were ready, no doubt, for a long journey.

"Mother tried a unique plan to save our lives. She knew that it meant death for her, but that it might mean something worse for the children. So we were given veils to wear and then mingled with the Turkish women till sunset, and then we went to Miss Graham's home.

"Miss Graham was an English girl. She had come to this place to teach the orphans among them. We thought we should have protection if we should be in her care. But after we got there we found that they had taken her and were carrying her away. They said that because she was a Christian she would have to go with the rest and be sent away. At this time some of the cruel Kurds had been to see the Pasha and we knew they would do great injury to us when we got outside the city.

CHAPTER IX

VAHBY BEY TAKES HIS CHOICE

"When we found that our efforts to obtain help through Miss Graham were fruitless, we decided to try our way outside the city and there obtain protection through some friendly Turks. We knew that this would be a problem, for there were soldiers always on the lookout for those who wanted to escape. We wanted to do this not only to help ourselves to safety, but also to help mother.

"We then wended our way back through the side alleys and dark streets and then thought we could find protection for a while at least in our own abandoned home. We arrived there very tired. We had not slept for the three days and had become so tired that we at once went to sleep. We went into the attic so as not to be so easily detected.

"When I awoke I found an ugly face looking into mine. It was none other than a Zaptieh. He had roughly kicked me and forced me to awake. We were at this time still veiled and they thought we were old women. But after they found that my older sister was the younger, they at once took her upon their arms and carried her downstairs. As to myself they said they would kill me, for I was too old. I tried in vain to have them release my sister, but they refused and threatened to kill me if I did not be quiet. They carried sister downstairs and pulled open her dress. That was almost too much for me and I tried to assist her, but they gave me a blow and I was silent for the time at least.

"I tried to bribe the soldiers, and they told me that they would release my sister if I brought them money. I went out and found mother and explained the circumstances to her and she gave me the money to give to the Zaptieths. I went back hurriedly and they were there, and after I gave them money they released my sister.

"Not one of the people who were ready for deportation knew what was to take place. All they could do was to wait the outcome.

"The Turks had taken the orphan children from the school of Miss Graham and they needed someone to take care of them, and they asked for volunteers. If anyone wanted to do they could, providing they would first say the rek'ah. There were the required number that did so in order to save their lives and the lives of the children. After a time they were taken away from the rest. When they had become Mohammedan, in word at least, they were taken to the castle and put into a room apart from the children. While there they were looked over by the Turks, and when they saw those that pleased them most they would take them for themselves. There had been three sisters in the crowd, and they were taken away one by one and there was only the one that did not lose her life in that place. She was a friend of mine and she afterwards told us what had happened. After a while they began to wonder what had become of the children, and they asked the Zaptiehs and they told them that they were all right. But we were afraid something had happened to them and therefore they did not desire to tell us. We found out after a while that they had taken the children to the river and tied them together and drowned them.

"They took all those girls and had sport with them all night. There was not one left save one of these three sisters. She escaped from there and told us all that had happened. The next day the soldiers came into our midst looking for her. They recognized her and took her away and that is the last we saw or heard of her.

"But now the deportations began and we were led out into the wilderness and there we found out something of what was going to befall us by the way. We met a lady and she was veiled heavily, telling us that she had forsaken her Christ and had accepted the Mohammedan religion in the hope of saving her children alive, but it was in vain, for we saw beside her the bundles tied up. These were her children. We recognized her after a time as the wife of a former pastor of our home. She told us that they had taken all the children and killed them before her eyes, and when that was through they had taken all the younger girls that appealed to them and violated them. This they had done with the last one of the children of hers. They held her while they took and violated her daughter before their eyes. After they were through with this they took the girl and cut off her breasts. We tried to comfort her and to get her to accompany the crowd, but she was too sad and said that she was going to stay there and die with the rest of the children. All along the way when a girl appealed to anyone of them they took her away and disgraced her and then killed her or violated her to death. For a time it seemed that we were safe, but then the occasional scream of a girl reminded us that we must not sleep.

CHAPTER X

The Cruel Smile of Kemal Effendi

"During the night there were Turkish residents come into our midst and tried to buy things that we had brought along for our own use. There were those who had with them many things which they had prized very highly. The Turks had told them to take with them all the things they possibly could. This was done to increase the booty of them, we afterward learned.

"One of them came to mother and asked her for her oldest daughter, but she refused and they told her that she might as well for they would all die anyhow, and they would treat her well and she should be saved the long walk to the Syrian desert. But mother refused to give her up.

"At the dawn of day we noticed a great cloud of dust in the distance, and then we saw that the Aghji Daghi Kurds were riding into our midst. They rode down all that were in their way and were unmolested by the soldiers, who presumably had been expecting them. They began to select the pretty girls for themselves and mother tried to hide me, but in vain—they saw me. They took me before I had hardly time to scream, and carried r across their horse and we all, one across each horse, were taken across the plain at great speed. I tried to break away, but in vain. After a time I became unconscious and when I came to I found myself lying on the ground with the rest of the girls.

"After a short while Musa Bey came along and we all were commanded to stand on our feet, and those of us who were not quick to obey received a sharp blow with his whip. When I arose to my feet he told me to get down and lie still. I did so, not knowing what was the reason. These girls were sold to the wealthy farmers for a certain price.

"We were then taken to the home of a man of whom I had heard a great deal, and this man was Kemal Effendi. He was known as being very unkind and even brutal to the Christians. We came to the castle which had been destroyed by the Saracens, but partly rebuilt by Kemal Effendi. After a while Musa

Bey told the servants to tell the master that he had arrived. After a time he came in and looked us over and then they went out. I do not know what he gave for us, but we were taken into some nice rooms and were comforted by the servants. They told us that we must be obedient to the master and we would be happy, but if not we should be made to suffer for it.

"In some time after he came in to look us over and then to ask us questions about our relatives and friends. They were all brought up and told that if they would forsake their religion they would be saved, but if not they would have to suffer the consequences.

"The first one to be tried had been so cruelly treated by them that she had not the strength nor the courage to say no, and she promised to do whatsoever he asked her. All was well with her, but the next one refused to yield and was dragged from the room and we do not know what happened to her.

"I was the next one to be brought up before him. He asked me concerning my relatives and if I would be willing to accept Allay, and I answered in the affirmative on condition that he would save my loved ones. And that if he would not save them that I would die also. He seemed pleased with what I told him.

"The next morning before I had taken the oath Kemal came to me and asked me to explain to him my relatives and I told him it would be impossible for him to find them in so large a company, and he decided to take me along. I went and they did not know that I was to have my relatives brought there. I was told during the night that the man to whom I was sold did not mean what he said when he smiled, and that made me shudder, for he had smiled the while he was questioning me the day before.

"He seemed to know in what direction the Armenians were to go and we got there before they had crossed the river, and we started back to meet them. I noticed that the river was running red with blood, and it was so offensive to me that I sank to the ground. But Kemal told me that was what they deserved for not accepting Allah. I heard afterwards that they had killed seven hundred, one by one, and then thrown them into the river.

"I had learned how to swim when I was very young, and when we neared a certain cliff, I jumped and the man gave an oath, but he had no revolver or gun or else he would have shot me. I swam to the other shore and then I hid myself so that they would not see me until I was privileged to join the rest of the party. Mother had been looked for to be punished for my escape, but she had bribed the soldiers and they said they were not in the company.

"Mother was surely glad to see me and that we were safe. But the Turks were wreaking such a havoc in our midst that we were afraid to go to sleep, but mother was so tired that she went off to sleep and sister and I kept watch for her over the children that the prowling Zaptiehs would not get them and carry them away.

"After a while we came to a place where there were kept a company of 'burned' Armenians and they were to be taken away. We were not allowed near them, but what was the reason we did not know.

"Presently there came near to us a creeping figure along the ground and we saw that it was one of them who had come to us for some purpose. She was naked and she told us that they had taken all the clothes away from them. Then the husbands were tied together and were helpless. Then they took the girls and violated them before the eyes of their own husbands. If they objected they were killed. This girl asked us for some little bits of clothes to cover their nakedness. She took with her all she could carry.

"As we journeyed on our way we found out what had become of the men folks by the dead bodies strewn along the way. Then, when we came to the wells we found what had become of the women. They had been killed and their bodies thrown into the wells, so that people coming along that way might not have an opportunity to help them.

"One place along the river the women gave their children nurse and then were told to leave the children on the banks and presently the Mohammedan women would come to take care of them, but there was not any that we could see for the hours in which we could see."

CHAPTER XI

THE WAYS OF THE ZAPTIEHS

"All of a sudden along the way they had what the Turks thought was a revolt when a woman who had lost both her children suddenly became crazed and took up the cry that God is gone mad, and with terrible quickness they all seemed to take it up. There were soon many that took up the same note and began to run around wildly screaming. They charged in upon us, shooting point blank and doing all in their power to stop what they thought was a revolt. But after they saw what was really the matter they took up the refrain and said that we should see that our God was gone crazy and was mad. We had to bow our heads and submit to the taunt. It was hard to do, but we learned that any manner of protest was suicide.

"Along the way it was very difficult to get water to drink, as the Turks very seldom, if ever, give food or water to their prisoners.

Those of us who had money had to share with the rest and buy water. We could at times buy water for a certain price. We sent out the boys to get the water and they got the water and a beating besides. They charged as high as a lira a cup for water (about $5.00). Many times they would sell the water to the boys and then tip the cups and spill it.

"After we were on the road a week we were treated even more cruelly than the first few days. The older ones who lagged behind were killed outright. If the children lagged behind for any reason they were also killed. They would take the children that lagged behind and stick them on the end of their bayonets and then toss them into the air and see if they could catch them the second time on them. My youngest aunt was carried away and outraged and then they buried a knife into her breast, and then turned her loose. She came back to the camp screaming with pain and there was a time, but she died from the effects of it.

"Soon we went through a village and the women were at their washtubs doing their week's wash, when the soldiers came into their midst and drove them as they were with the rest of the party. They then went and got the men and took them along, too.

"When we had gone a little ways the soldiers came along and after their nightly orgies with the women would sleep in the open, but this night they put up a tent and summoned all the men to the tent for registration. They were taken there and when they had been robbed of all they had, we heard screams and then we saw figures running out into the desert with other figures in pursuit. After a while the noise ceased and we knew that the men whom we thought would be protection for us were all dead.

"Their next step in the night was to summon the wives of the once influential men to the same tent. We did not know what was the idea, but they went. Among this band was my mother and Aunt Miriam. They took them to the tent and told them that they were to take their money from them for safekeeping from the Kurds, but they wanted it for themselves. They did not desire to give it up and then the trouble began right. They took them and cut them with knives and tore them open in order that they might get their money. One woman, my aunt Miriam, was about to become a mother, and she told them that she had some money hidden, and they took her and saw she was to become a mother, but thought that was the place where she had hidden the money. They took her and ripped her open and then, when they saw their disappointment, they took and started to cut the other women. They took all the money they had, and mother came back to us bleeding from the wounds she had received. We ran to her assistance and took the last of the drinking water we had to bathe her wounds. Mother fell unconscious before us.

"At this time there came a Zaptieh along and saw in the moonlight my sister, and he took her by the hair and started to carry her away. But she pleaded for mother's sake to be spared, but he did not listen. I then followed him and tried to get him to release her, but he with an oath buried his knife into her breast, and she died in my arms. I stood dazed for a long time and did not know what to do, but the children had seen it, and I was afraid to tell mother about it for fear that the shock would kill her. Something had to be done. I took my sister and cried over her a long time, and then made a hole in the ground with my hands and buried her.

"Mother was so weak the next morning that she could not walk, and some of the stronger women promised that they would carry her all the day, if necessary. But mother asked where my sister was, and I tried to make excuses, but she insisted and when I told her she said she was so much better off than the rest of us. I then told her that sister had said before she died that God was good to let her die.

"We had received an inkling that there was to be something done for us when we arrived at Hassan-Chelabi, and we greatly feared when we neared the city. Many of the women through the treatment they had received were entirely nude, and they were with shame covering their faces and made to march through the streets of this city amid the jeers of the residents and the populace as a whole.

"Some officials came along and told us that the government had provided a school for all the boys over eight years, and they were to be sent there until the parents could be located and then they could get them back. We greatly feared for the safety of one of our own, but he was so small they did not take him at all. But they took the other boys away and afterwards other refugees told us that they were killed outside the city. They had taken them and tied them in groups and then killed them with their knives and bayonets. When we left the city we were met by a party of about three thousand refugees from Sivas. They told of the treatment they had received and that they were the first to be sent out of the city.

"A man, known as the 'hangman,' was going to Constantinople and he wanted some girls there for the wealthy families. He took from our midst a dozen or more girls between the ages of 8 and 15. These girls were sent into powerful families and then they were raised Mohammedan and afterwards given to their sons or friends as wives. The men of a certain city were called to a certain place, called the 'butcher shop,' and when they got there they were sent upstairs and the soldiers came up from below and locked the doors and killed them as fast as they could. Those who tried to jump out the windows and escape were caught on the bayonets of the soldiers below. This place was the scene of this horrible massacre. Later there were some girls who were attending the

Christian colleges that were called to this same place, and they saw what had happened and reported it to us; that is, those who ever escaped. They took these girls and then put them into the same room and then soldiers came and went all day and some of the girls they violated to death. Most of them died under the strain, but those who lived let us know what had happened."

CHAPTER XII

RECRUITING FOR THE HAREMS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

"On the third day after we had encamped outside the city of Diyarbekir we noticed that the Aghji Daghi Kurds had come upon us again and we tried to hide from them, but they saw us and took from our midst the young ladies and girls that pleased them most. I tried to evade them, but they saw me and before I had time to scream and ask for help they had me and were away. We did not know where we were going and were somewhat afraid to ask for fear that they might punish us. But they carried us out across the plains, and then at night they tied our feet together and put the other end of the rope around the horses necks, and neither we nor the horses tired, and they had left us naked. When we could get away. Our hands were tied behind our backs; we could do nothing. You cannot imagine the suffering we went through on that night. When morning came we were sore and started out the next morning we asked where they were taking us and they told us that we were going to Egin to see a man who had come and was paying money even for the sight of good girls.

"In this city there had been no persecutions and there was no deportation as yet, for a man had interceded through the American Embassy for them and had been promised protection until word should come from Constantinople. When these refugees arrived the Turks made free with the women and girls in their parties, and did with them as they chose right in the public square, and they were unmolested. But the people were hungry and thirsty, and the people of Egin were afraid to give them anything to eat for fear of what might happen to them. But finally a certain priest could stand it no longer and he went to them and took them bread and water, but they took him and called many leading men of the city and told them they wanted to see them. They then took the priest and pulled out his hair and whiskers, and then twisted his fingers and toes with pincers—this is a favorite torture of the Turks—and tried to make him confess that he was trying to get them to revolt, having hidden weapons in the food. But he screamed denials and told them to not treat him that way, as that was false. As his screams died down to groans the other men could stand it no longer, and they went to the men to protest. That was just what they were waiting for; they had soldiers stationed outside and they came in and killed all that remained of the men. Then they sent word to headquarters that they should not be longer protected, as they had revolted and it became necessary to kill some of them. Then came back that reply of Talaat Bey which still rings in the ears of all Armenians the world over: 'Whatever you do to Christians is amusing.'

"This was just the thing they were waiting for, and the people in the town were ordered to be ready to depart at two hours' notice. The women pleaded that they had given their precious things and had been promised their protection. They would not listen to that, but said they must be ready at the appointed time to depart.

"The Armenians had many donkeys and horse carriages, and they told them that they might have these to travel in. Outside the city all the men were killed, the women were tied in bunches of five, and a bunch thrown into each cart. Then they drove away the animals and made men draw the carts. All these women were tormented and then killed. Many of the young women were imprisoned in a monastery. Officers were then sent for them to be brought. The maidens and the others were separated and then told all that were not maidens were to be sold. The others were told they might save their lives if they would forswear their religion and accept the Mohammedan. Some of them agreed, and they were sent away into the hopeless land—to be wives or worse."

I quote verbatim from the book an account of fidelity to God:

"One maiden, the daughter of an Armenian leader who had been a deputy from that district to the Turkish Parliament, was especially pretty, and one of the officers wanted her for himself. He said to her:

" 'Your father, your mother, your brother and your two sisters have been killed. Your aunts and uncles and your grandfather were killed. I wish to save you from the sufferings they went through, and the unknown fate which will befall these girls who are Mohammedan now, and the known fate which will befall those who have been stubborn. Now, be a good Turkish girl and you shall be my wife. I will make you, not a concubine, but a wife, and you will live happily.'

"What the girl replied was so well remembered by the Turks who heard her that they told it afterward among themselves until it was known through all the district. She looked quietly into the face of the Turkish officer and said:

" 'My father is not dead. My mother is not dead. My brother and sisters, and my uncle and aunt and grandfather are not dead. It may be true that you have killed them, but they live in heaven. I shall live with them. I would not be worthy of them if I proved untrue to their God and mine. Nor could I live in heaven with them if I should marry a man I do not love. God would not like that. Do with me what you wish.'

"Soldiers took her away and no one knows what became of her.

"We were taken to the palace of a certain cruel man and there we were given the privilege of taking the rek'ah or take the consequences. They were taken into his presence twenty at a time, and as fast as they gave in they were taken out and that was the last that was ever heard of them. About half of the girls gave in and were taken out, but there were the rest to be taken care of. These were beaten with whips and many gave in under this severe treatment, but I was beaten twice into insensibility and when I came to we were out in the courtyard; the pain was intense and we were made to stay there with no bread nor water for about four days. Then we were allowed to join a party of exiles and travel with them. All the pretty girls and young women were kept for the same man.

"Outside the city we were told that we were to wait for the other parties that were to come from other cities. These parties had to pass through a gorge or mountain pass before they reached us. This they never did, for the Turks met them on the way and killed them as fast as they could. Many of the people, when they saw that they were trapped, tried to escape, but the Turks were hidden everywhere and there was no chance for them to escape. Many tried to run down the mountain, but they were hit with stones and caught on bayonets, and every way was used in the killing of the people. Many tried to run over the top, but they were met by those on the top and forced to go back, and there were soldiers at the bottom ready to kill them. Many tried to save themselves from death at the bottom and then they were made to climb again, only to be forced back again. In this way there were but a few hundred out of the 11,000 or more that went that way ever came back alive.

CHAPTER XIII

MALATIA—THE CITY OF DEATH

"Seven days after the massacre at Divrig Gorge we noticed that we were arriving at the city of Malatia. But before we reached the city we noticed by the side of the road sixteen girls who had been crucified in derision of the Crucifixion, and as a warning to other girls who came that way. How long the bodies had been there we did not know, but the vultures had already been there. They had been nailed to the crosses alive, with cruel nails through their hands and feet.

" 'See,' said the guards with great satisfaction; 'see what will happen to you in Malatia if you are not submissive.'

"The suffering of the refugees must have been intense, and many were the people who lost their lives. The rivers were red with blood; the valleys were open graves for thousands; mountain passes were choked with the dead, and all the rich Turks had from one to a score of new concubines.

"Most of the Christians herded in Malatia were people of wealthy families. The girls had been taught music, art and literature in schools conducted by the Swiss, the Americans, the English and the French.

"At Kirk-Goz, a small city outside Malatia, there had been a German school conducted by a wealthy German lady of quite old age. The parents of the girls in this school thought that the girls would be safe because they were under the protection of the Germans, who were allies of the Turks. But soldiers were sent for them and they were refused entrance by the lady in charge, and she told them they would be punished for their sins if they took them and that the Germans would hold them responsible. She went in person to see the German consul, but he said that Turkey was an ally of Germany, and they had declared the Armenians to be obnoxious and therefore they would have to be given up. They started west, where the girls were promised protection in a dervish monastery.

"Mme. Roth went herself to Aziz Bey and pleaded for the girls, declaring she was ashamed that she was a German if they permitted these things to go on in their midst.

After bribing them, she went with the soldiers given her to bring the girls back.

"Two days later they started out to find them and after a little travel they found tracks in the sand that showed that they had passed that way but a short time before. Suddenly there was a young girl seen running towards them and crying for help. When she recognized her teacher she cried for her to save her, and she refused to allow them to touch her, and she was almost insane from the suffering she had undergone.

"She came upon two Zaptiehs, sitting on the sand, prodding with a pointed stick the bare shoulders of a girl whom they had buried in the sand above her elbows. They had commanded the girl to submit to them, but she refused, and her screams of pain and fright amused them greatly. She said she wished the Zaptiehs would take her out and bury her again. It was from such torture that Martha had just escaped.

"Mme. Roth went with her escort of soldiers across the river, and while crossing they noticed two bodies floating down the stream, and this is what they said:

" 'Look! Look there! Two more Christians whom their Christ forgot.'

"I myself was trying to escape and found myself wandering around after dark. This was a dangerous thing to do, as they always had someone on the lookout for such stray ones. In fact, the people were told to take all those that were found upon the streets. It was dangerous to do so, as there were always those who were ready to throw stones and sticks at us and the younger of the women to take and outrage them.

"I stopped at a home and was just knocking when I was espied by two Turks. They ran after me, but a woman opened the door and let me in and refused to let them take me. She dared them and told them that she was an American. This made them cross and they left, threatening revenge. But afterwards they came back and she asked to go and see the ruler herself, but when she did and came back there were tears in her eyes, and she told me that she could do nothing for me, as they had said I must be given up. She kissed me and then they took me away. The young woman was Miss McLane, an American missionary. The house was the home of the American consul at Malatia, but he had taken his wife, who was ill, to Harpout.

"They led me away to the home of those who had apostatized and was to be kept with them. They were fed bread, water and coarse cakes. But the Turks did not bother them. I had at least received some protection from the Kaimakam.

"In the party of those who were assembled at Malatia the men had not been killed. But one day these were summoned to registration, as they said, and they were to be given allotments of land when they came to the end of the journey. Many believed them and went with them, not even taking time to put on their coats and hats.

"These men were killed with the sword until the bodies piled so high that there was not room to get around, and then they used their rifles. All of them were killed. After this the soldiers took the girls and boys away from the parents. The boys were thrown into the river and the girls were sent to Turkish cities to be raised Mohammedans.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE HAREM OF HADJI GHAFOUR

"When, however, we were ready to march, the column was composed of 15,000 women, young and old. Not many had any personal belongings, and only a few had any money. Those who had it were obliged to share with those that had none.

"But the company I was with were permitted to walk before, and they were protected against the lust of the Turks and Kurds. We were best guarded while the others were at the mercy of the Kurds and villagers.

"At this time it was June and the weather was hot. One lady had walked already over one hundred miles, and because she fell back was beaten and we were not allowed to revive her. Her two daughters were only able to kiss her and leave her there by the side of the road. These two sisters walked along the roadside saddened by the death of the occasion. I went up to them and asked to march with them. At the same time I wondered what had become of my parent and brother and sister. I was told that the party from Tchemesh-Gedzek had passed that way some time before, and that perhaps they would be at Diyar-bekir when we arrived there.

"When we got outside the city we were halted. We knew that meant more trouble, as that was generally a sign of trouble. We wer not disappointed, but we were tried in the same way, for the villagers came down upon us and robbed us, and then the Kurds with one of their most notorious leaders, came up and we knew that meant a great deal of trouble for those of us who were left. There were hundreds of horsemen in the crowd. They were too tired to take the journey in the same evening, so they remained and after dark there went up the cries and the moans and the entreaties of parents and sisters for their loved ones. They treated one young woman so cruelly that it almost maddened some of the women. They rushed at the Kurds and for the time being they were trampled under their feet, but when they recovered they made a mad rush and there was not one of the women left to tell what had happened. Their bodies were then piled together and burned. To have some more sport they took a live girl and placed her upon the top of the burning bodies and then as fast as she would try to get off, they would throw her back on. Thus they did until they had killed her.

"The soldiers were afraid they were being robbed of their choicest prey as the girls all tried to disfigure themselves and appear to be old instead of young. So they caught one woman and said when they had placed their thumbs upon her eyes, that if there were no virgins in the company, then by Allah's name this woman's eyes should come out.

"But one young lady came forth with a shriek and said that was her mother and she wanted them to take her but to just spare the mother. They released their hold upon her, but it was too late, for they had treated her so cruelly that she died shortly afterwards. The soldiers would not even leave the girl stay long enough to kiss her mother.

"On the eleventh day we came to Shiro, and when we were outside the city there came the Kurds again and they began to exact their awful toll from the people. They tore the girls from their relatives and friends all day until they had taken away more than a hundred of the pretty ones. Then the apostates were obliged to join the company of the weeping girls and were marched into the town.

"We were taken to a house we afterwards learned was the house of Hadji Ghafour, one of the largest houses in the city. Only those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca can have the name Hadji. He was counted as one of the most religious of men.

"At this place those who did not accept Allah were very cruelly treated.

"The two sisters were very quiet that day. They had spoken but little to any of the rest of us since we were taken into the house of Hadji Ghafour. Nor had they cried—afterwards I remembered how their faces that day seemed to be bright with a great courage.

"The girls chosen by the guests of Hadji Ghafour were taken away in separate groups to the houses of those who claimed their bodies. When these guests and their captives had gone, Hadji Ghafour again summoned us. It was one of the sisters, the elder, to whom he spoke first. His words were terrible. He asked her, oh, so cruelly low and soft, if she were willing to belong to him, body and soul, to live contented in his house, to be obedient and affectionate in her submission.

"The girl waited not instant. 'I had renounced my God to save my mother, but it availed me nothing. Her life was taken. I have given myself to God—and I will not betray Him again.'

"Hadji Ghafour motioned to his Negro slave, who caught the girl in his arms and carried her out of the room. Her sister had been standing near her. Hadji's eyes fell upon her next.

" 'And you, my little one,' he said, just as low and soft. And he repeated the questions to her he had spoken to her sister. She spoke softly, too—softer than her sister—yet just as firmly. 'She was my sister. With her I saw my mother die; and now you have taken her. You may kill me also, but I will never submit to you.'

"Those of whom watched looked with terror at Hadji Ghafour. This time his eyes narrowed and glittered. 'You have spoken well, my little one,' he said, still so gently he might have been speaking to a beloved daughter. 'Perhaps I had better kill you as a warning to my other little ones.'

"The Negro with the whip stood near. Hadji Ghafour did not even speak to him—he just motioned with his hands. Two other servants sprang forward. Quickly they stripped the girl of her clothes; and then the whip fell upon her naked body.

"I shut my eyes so I could not see, but I could not shut out the sound of the whip cutting into the flesh, again and again, until I lost count. Even when the girl screamed no more and the moans died away the whip did not stop for a long time. Then suddenly I realized the blows had ceased. I opened my eyes and saw one of the servants lifting the girl's body from the floor. He held her by the waist, and her arms and bleeding limbs hung limp. She was dead.

CHAPTER XV

THE RAID ON THE MONASTERY

"After some time we found out what had become of the other girl who had refused to apostatize. A slave led us through a smaller room into a large chamber in which were gathered many excited women crowded about a window.

"At the window sill the slave peered out and then ordered us near. We looked out and this is what we saw:

"The dead body of the elder sister of the girl who had been beaten to death, the one who had been carried away when she defied Hadji Ghafour, was hanging by its feet from a rope attached to a window sill. The girl's arms had been tied behind her back and now hung away from her body. Her hair was hanging from her swaying head. A bandage, still tied over her mouth, had muffled her screams.

"None were allowed to stay outside the haremlik, but we were obliged to say the Mohammedan prayers each night.

"But after four days there came a messenger and told me that I was to appear before Hadji Ghafour. My heart almost failed me. The servants poured around me and wondered at my being sad, as this was to be the day of my 'betrothal.' And only when the tears began to fall did they cease their jolly time.

"When I arrived I was ordered to sit on the cushion at his feet, but I was secretly praying to God that He would help me out of the trouble into which I should no doubt get today. But it is needless to say any more of that fateful night.

"There was in the same place a young girl who had been sold when she was quite young, and to her I confided a great many things. In time she and I became fast friends and we talked a great deal together. It was to her that I confided the plan which I had to escape from this place. She was at first afraid that it would be quite an undertaking, but I was determined to get away at any cost, even at the risk of my own life. I told her after I had been with and seen Hadji Ghafour that I must get out of the place. She told me of a secret passage way to the street, and I thanked her. At last, however, I asked her to accompany me, but she seemed timid and afraid, but at last consented. This girl told me of a monastery nearby, and if we could reach there we would be safe for a time at least.

"One night we saw our chance and started out to find the monastery. We let ourselves down by a cord from the window and then through the divan-khane we went into the street. We were not suspected, for we were veiled and had on Turkish slippers, and they did not have any idea as to whom we were. For four days we traveled after we got past the gate, and we were hungry and thirsty. We hid in the sands during the day and traveled mostly by night. The girl with me was so thirsty that one time when I cried she caught the tears on the end of her tongue and thus moistened it. It became such that one day I had to venture forth and try to get water for the girl. I went into the village and they treated me kindly and gave me food and water, and helped me get the girl revived, and then they sent with us an Arab boy to see that we escaped being taken captive. After a short time we saw the convent walls. Then we kneeled and thanked God for His help in saving us from the hands of Hadji Ghafour.

"It was somewhat difficult to make the monks hear our calls, as they were at prayers, but presently one came and let us in and treated us very kindly. We appreciated this very much. They prayed with us several times a day. For the girl with me they prayed that God would forgive every blasphemous prayer she had ever offered to Allah. In a short while she was well and happy again.

"But we were told that we must with the others remain within a certain sphere, for if we were detected there was sure to be trouble. We were safe for a little while under the convent walls, but it was soon over.

"One night after we had all retired we heard shouting and pounding at the gates. We could not see what was going on, but presently we saw the monks going towards the gate and they demanded that the gate be opened. But the monks refused and they scaled the wall. Then we saw that the monks had refused them admission into the building, but they soon broke them down and came in. There were screams and prayers, and then the noise ceased except the shouting of the Tchetchens. At last they found where we were and they took us and carried us out in every possible way—just so they got us out. In the struggle the girl with me had her arm broken, but they were amused at this, and twisted her arm occasionally to hear her scream for pain. They tied their horses and then stayed over night. In the morning they took the prettiest of the girls and then killed the rest. The girl with me was killed on account of her broken arm. Then they started away with the rest of us across the plain. But we did not know where they were taking us.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GAME OF THE SWORDS, AND DIYARBEKIR

"At Diyarbekir there were Russian prisoners in the jail, and they were made to make room for the others who were to come. The Armenian men who were left alive were put into jail and afterwards slain. Some of the children were mixed in with the mortar to fill in the spaces between the stones. Many of the women were taken outside the city and slain.

"In the morning when the sun was up we saw something that made our blood run cold. We saw the places of the swords in the ground and we knew what that meant. There would be more slaying of our people. This is one of the favorite sports of the Tchetchens. An account of the same is given.

" 'There was made a long row of swords and then there was a girl put between each sword and a Tchetchen came on horseback galloping full speed, took a girl and flung her high into the air and down on the upturned blade of the sword—all without slackening speed. If they missed they came back a second time and tried it again. It was a game to see which one could put the most girls upon the swords. This is what is known as the "Game of the Swords." '

"Then we were taken away and for several weeks were in a house occupied by German officers, and when they tired of us they sent us away and had others brought.

"Something they did one night—which is a favorite of the Turk—was to stand the girls up against the wall, and having for targets their breasts, would shoot them. After a while the officers were ordered to leave and they went off and left us, but it was not long until we were discovered. I managed to escape from them and through the assistance of a friendly Turkish woman, got safely outside the city."

While picking her way through the narrow passes, she saw a group of Zaptiehs coming towards her. She had a knife which she had used in killing a gendarme, and was in the act of using it when she feared God would not approve. She stopped and prayed and in answer to prayer threw the knife far away.

CHAPTER XVII

"ISHIM YOK KEIFIM TCHOK"

"This saying of the Turks means that they have not much to do, so they have much fun. Some of their fun along the way was to watch those who were to become mothers and then make them march till the time the child was to be born. Even if they were not killed the mothers were not able to give them food, themselves being nearly starved. They were made to march immediately after the birth of the child, and if they were not able to keep up they were left behind to die along the road.

"Water was so scarce that we had a hard time to keep from death on account of the lack of it. When we reached the city of Severeg we had not had water for four days. There are three open wells on one side of it, and they feed an artificial lake, which was filled when we arrived.

"Some of our women were so parched they threw themselves into the lake and were drowned. Others could not wait until they reached the lake and jumped into the wells.

"So many did this they choked the wells, and the Turks, who had come out to meet us, had to pull them out. We who had kept our senses crowded around those who were pulled out and moistened our tongues from their wet clothes.

"After we left Severeg a fever attacked our party. Every day many died by the wayside. The Zaptiehs rode at a distance from us, and when any of the men or women dropped behind they would shoot them. The fever parched the throats of those who suffered from it so badly that when we came up to the next group of houses where there was a well, the men braved the guns of the Turks and Zaptiehs and rushed up to them.

"After that the Zaptiehs were wary of persecuting us too much, but we paid the penalty at Sheitan Dressi, or 'Devil's Gorge.'

"After the shooting of the whole day and night the Zaptiehs came down and began killing women with their knives. They picked out he older women first, and soon all these were dead. When the moon lighted up the gorge the Zaptiehs picked out the young married women—or those who had been married and were now widows—and amused themselves by mutilating them. They would not kill them outright, but would cut off their fingers, or their hands, or their breasts. They tore out the eyes of some. When dawn came only those who had succeeded in hiding behind rocks, or we who were young and might be sold to Turks, were alive. During the next day I counted and there were only 160 left of the 2,000 who left Diyarbekir with me. I have heard it said that more than 300,000 of my people were killed in this spot during the period of the massacres.

"Now that we were so few the Zaptiehs made us march faster, and as we were nearly all young they were more cruel to us. I was glad that morning when I discovered the lady who had let me march with her and had survived. She had hid during the night, and had saved her little girl. But my gladness for her soon became sorrow. The little girl was taken with the fever that day. The next day she could not walk. When the Zaptiehs discovered she was suffering from fever, they commanded the mother to leave her at the roadside. The mother laid the little girl down, but she could not leave her when the child held out her arms and cried. A Zaptieh came up with his bayonet ready to kill the mother, and I pulled her away and comforted her. Every step or two the mother would look back until we could not see her little girl any more.

CHAPTER XVIII

REUNION—AND THEN THE SHEIKH ZILAN

"After many experiences we saw this one of note. There were a company of soldiers coming. Between them were Armenians under protection and not under guard as they generally are. While the procession was passing, I was looking through the groups and I espied my mother among them. I asked them to give me permission to go and join her. After some time they gave me permission to go, and I was glad to go and see my mother again. (You can imagine how glad she was to see her mother after being separated so long.) It was good for us to know that we were still alive, as that had worried us so much, for when we were separated it was difficult to tell whether we would see the other alive again. It was a miracle almost that mother and the children were alive, as the children were not very often spared when they started out on the march. But it may have been the hand of the Almighty that protected them from the dangers.

"At Ourfa we were granted permission to go and see a rich and influential relative. We went to see him and he had quite some authority. He housed us for a while and then we were told that we must leave because the man was in danger of being killed for housing Armenians. It was indeed a glad day when we were under protection for the time, but this was soon over. One day he came in and told us that he could house us in safety no longer. But this man could do for us possibly more than a great many, so he went to see the ones in authority and through his intercession for us we were granted permission by the high officer to go unmolested. For the time being we were safe to go with a company of soldiers who were on their way to the front against the advancing armies of the Russians. But there was quite a delay in getting the permissions. At last they came and we were safe to return to our town. But this did not last long.

"One night there came to the city a company of horsemen for the night, and they found us in the church and paid no attention to the papers we had, and the result was, we were again separated. They took me away, saying that it could not be possible that that order was for me, but it may have been for the rest. So they took us and left mother and the others at the mercy of those that should possibly come after. I was glad mother was safe, and that at least it looked hopeful for the first time since we had left our home town long ago.

CHAPTER XIX

OLD VARTABED AND THE SHEPHERD'S CALL

"I was taken to the home of the leading and worst slave dealer in Moush. We were taken to his home and then were brought before him and inspected. We were then given an ordinary bath from the fountain in the courtyard. We were to be fed, but we were so weary from the sufferings we had undergone that we did not want anything to eat. One by one we were sold in the slave market. At last my time came, and after the usual deliberation I was sold for about eighty-five cents. I, with several others, was then taken to the home of Ahmed Bey as a present from the ruler. I was one of them and this was because we refused to forswear our religion.

"It was a sad day for us when we were taken to this place, for this man was known for his cruelty to the Armenians. But we determined that we would try and make the best of it and trust in God, for the words of Father Rhoupen came to me that I must trust in God and never forswear my allegiance to Jesus Christ. This I was determined to do at any cost. There were the others besides the one, too. She was so tired from the suffering that she could not resist, and was taking the allegiance to Allah and becoming Mohammedan. But the rest of us refused to do so, and we were set aside from the other one for this, and we never saw her again.

"But when my turn came to go before this man I prayed for guidance, and the words of Father Rhoupen came to me again. When I was told by Ahmed Bey what was to become of me, I told him that I would not forswear, and his wrath was kindled and he had his son brought in. After he came in the father told him that he wanted me for him, but that my spirit must be broken first.

"He took me outside and told me what he wanted me to do, and I told him that I could not give in to him and let go of my religion. He was very wroth at this. He thought he could bribe and tell a lot of pleasant things, and then I would be glad to give in to him. I at last told him that I would not think of becoming a 'bride' as long as my relatives were treated as they were. I pleaded with this man that he would restore my relatives to me and let them be safe. and if he would do that, then I would give in. I was privileged to go and see my relatives and when I arrived there with the Zaptiehs this is what occurred:

"My little sister, Sarah, ran towards me and tried to say they should be saved. The Zaptieh swung the heavy handle of his whip high into the air and brought it down upon Sarah's head, so that the blow flung her little body out of the path. She did not move again.

"A Zaptieh jerked mother to her feet again. He lifted his whip. 'The creed—quick!' he said to her.

" 'Mother, please—God will forgive you—father is in heaven and he will understand!' I cried to her.

"Mother was too weak to speak aloud, but her lips moved in a whisper: 'God of St. Gregory, Thy will be done!'

"The Zaptieh's heavy whip descended. Mother sank to the ground. Again and again the whip fell. Another Zaptieh caught brother by the arm and killed him with a single blow from his whip handle.

"After this they took the only one left of the family and killed him with the knife. Thus they had before my very eyes destroyed all that was dear on earth to me. This, they told me, was done to break my stubborn will.

"For several days I was locked up. Then I was told that I was to be called again, but when they asked me to say the rek'ah, I refused. They took me to another building and locked me up in the dungeon. Every day there would come to me the priest and ask me if I were ready to forswear, and I refused. In those days God drew me closer to Himself and they were grand days to my soul.

"But one night I heard a commotion in the yard and wondered what it might mean. Then I heard the old whistle call for the sheep that was used by father and the sheep. It could not be that a shepherd had been spared, but this whistle was so familiar that I was becoming curious. I pulled up to the window and then repeated the call and thought perhaps he would understand. He did not seem able to locate me, and then I tore off part of my dress and threw it through the grates, and he saw and seemed to understand. After a time he drew up near the window and asked about the one who was from that place and knew the whistle. I told him who I was, and then he told me about himself, how he had come there and what he was doing. He said that he was saying the prayers of the Mohammedans because he knew that meant safety for him. Thus he would be spared the death that come to those who refuse to forswear their religion.

CHAPTER XX

THE MESSAGE OF GENERAL ANDRANIK

"After a few days, however, I heard a noise at the door and came to see what it was, and there was old Vartabed. He told me that he was coming to set me free soon. I waited a little and then he came and I was let out. But the time went slow as we were released late in the night. I wanted him to come with me, but he told me that the desert was no place for an old man.

"He left me; then I was alone for the time being, and I traveled all night and then came to the home of some friendly people. They took me in and sent me on my way. I knew that I must leave there soon, as the man was sure to send out searchers to look for me, and I was sure what it meant if I were to be brought back to his house.

"I was told that after Vartabed went back to the home of Ahmed Bey they discovered that I was missing. There was no one who would have done it but he, and they took him out the next morning and he was shot because he had helped me to get away.

"I wandered from place to place and tried my best to get away, and it was with great difficulty that I was able to get work—hard work at that—in order to get food to eat and water to drink. It was this way that I worked my way until at last from the distance I could hear the rumble and roar of guns, and it caused me to be on the lookout, for I knew that meant safety for me if I could get to the Allied soldiers army.

"I noticed that in the town which I was near there was hurry everywhere, and my curiosity was aroused. I watched all day and saw the way they fled so hurriedly, and when they fled in one direction I knew the best thing for me to do would be to go in the direction from which they had come. I started out and when I arrived there I found that the reason for the fleeing of the Turks was the advancing of the Russian armies.

"The firing had by this time ceased and I knew that it was safe for me to advance. This gave me a little hope, and I went forward in hopes of being set free.

"At last I found myself in the hands of Dr. F. W. McCallum. I was sure that now I was safe from the terrors of the past and after a good long sleep I was told that I could be protected and escape from the country.

"There was a tremendous effort and red tape to go through before I was able to get out of the country. But after a time of refreshing my body in sleep for a few days, I at last succeeded and got my passports and started for the good old United States."

But the strain was so hard on her that even in this country where she is safe, there are times when she will start in her sleep and have unpleasant dreams, and then she will remember her sad fate and the fate of her loved ones and one million others of the same nationality. Those in this country, even with this message of truth so straight and so horrible, will never be able to realize all the sufferings they have gone through for the sake of their religion at the hands of the cruel Turks.

May the Lord help all who may read these pages to be able in some way to assist the people of Armenia, and may the allied commission when they make the final treaty of peace with Turkey, remember the Armenian nation.

Beloved of God, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

CHAPTER XXI

THE CRY OF A MILLION

For twenty-five centuries, between the Black and Caspian Seas, in Western Asia, the Armenians have had a home. Suffering has been their lot, perhaps beyond any other race that has ever lived. One after another—Assyrian, Persian, Parthian, Roman, Turk—has come to oppress or exploit or persecute. To-day their land is between Turkey, Persia and Russia. Only yesterday they were the best educated, most skillful, most industrious and most valuable people in the Turkish Empire.

The Blow that Fell

"Only Yesterday!" Those are fateful words. Modern history began on August 1, 1914, when Europe and Asia caught fire. The flower of Armenian manhood was called to the colors, leaving only a few men with the aged and infirm or tender youth with women and children to carry on the daily business as best they could.

In April, 1915, continuing through November, the indescribably terrible blow fell—the most tragic hour in all their tragic history came. Then began the systematic and relentlessly cruel process of crushing the Armenian race by massacre and deportation. Men were led away in groups outside their villages and killed with clubs and axes.

The consul of one of the European nations in Turkey reported that on one occasion 10,000 Armenians were taken out in boats, batteries of artillery trained on the boats as targets, and the entire company killed.

Schools and churches—the fruition of many years of toil and tears—were broken up, the students killed or scattered.

Girls and women were reserved for an indescribable fate in terrible marches, in harems, in the houses of officials, or in the huts or tents of the wild tribes.

Villages and towns by the hundreds were wrecked. The whole Armenian population of large sections was deported. Of one caravan of six hundred people, the Arabs killed five hundred. Many thousands died of disease, torture, terror, exhaustion and hunger.

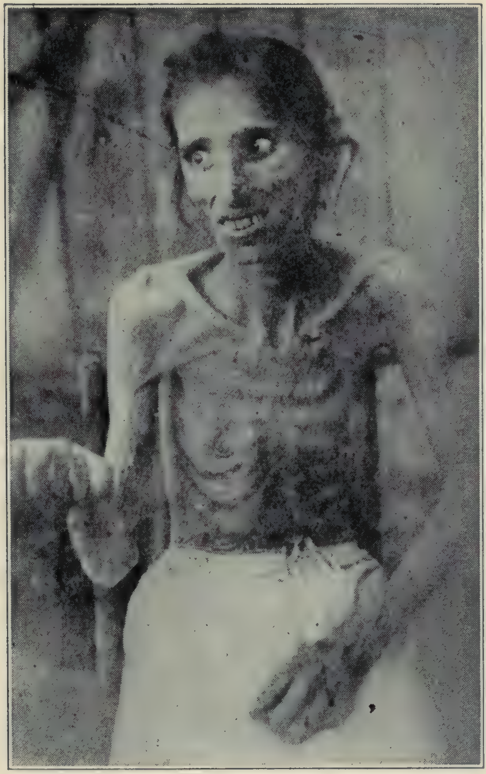
Of four hundred and fifty from one village only one woman lives. She saw her husband and three sons tied together and shot with one bullet, to save ammunition. She saw her daughters outraged and then killed. She was carried away by a Kurd, but escaped at night, naked, and after terrible suffering fell in with some refugees.

The blow fell heaviest upon those least able to bear it—the aged, the women, especially mothers or those about to become mothers, and little children. Hundreds, thousands perished in the first few days. The figures mount to sickening proportions, until they reach a total of more than half a million that have perished.

In the early months of 1916 America was shocked by a widely published statement that the Armenians were living upon grass. Later reports say, "The grass is now dried up. The people kill and eat the street dogs. They fight for the clotted blood of killed animals; they gnaw the bones which they find on the dung hills; they look for grains of oats in horse dung, to eat them. They eat the flesh of fallen animals and men."

Do We Hear the Cry?

These are times that try men's souls. A pall of horror hangs over the world. The sympa-



One of the many thousands of Armenians begging for food.

thies and emotions of men are in danger of exhaustion through over strain. The safety for heart and conscience and will is to yield to the benevolent impulses and pour out relief for the suffering and needy. America is comfortable and rich. In contrast with the peace and quiet which are ours let us think of the terror and the strife in Armenia. We have safe homes and the sweet comforts of the undisturbed comradeship of those we love. Their homes are in ruins; they are in lonely exile, and in place of family comfort there are only ruined or confiscated houses, starving bodies, stunned minds, shattered nerves, bruised hearts. With loneliness and pain and terror and uncertainty and hunger and cruelty and hate, they keep constant vigil. The moan of a race moves out across the heart of a stricken world.

Germans Help in Slaughter of Armenians

October 9.—One of the most terrible results of the alliance between "the most Christian Emperor" of Germany and the Moslem Sultan of Turkey is the extermination of the native Christian population of all the Bible lands under the heel of the Turk.

Thousands upon thousands have been massacred, other thousands have perished in the desert to which they were driven, and still other thousands have died or are dying of starvation.

Unless American aid comes all the Armenian and Syrian Christians will have disappeared from the earth by the time the war ends.

Told at Conference

These are the cold facts given at a recent New York conference of returned American consuls from Turkish territory, teachers from American colleges in Turkey and physicians and missionaries.

In some places the usual grape crop failed because the little hungry children ate the shoots and young leaves.

The mulberry orchards are planted with wheat, but in many cases the children ate the grain which had been planted in the soil.

Our ambassador to Turkey, Abram Elkus, tells of a boy so reduced by starvation that he became too weak to swallow.

Pitiously Asks for Bread

He pitifully asked for bread. He was reminded he could not eat it, but replied:

"I know, but I can have bread under my

pillow where I can feel it when I wake up."

In many instances the women were sent away to harems.

A missionary of Marsovan, in northern Asia Minor, told of young Christian girls being sold on the streets of that city from $2.00 to $4.00 each.

At the beginning of the war Marsovan had 30,000 people; 12,000 men were killed by rifle shots or with the ax.—Tract by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

No Home

CHAPTER XXII

SUPPLEMENT TO THE SUFFERING ARMENIANS

Some of the following is an excerpt from a religious paper telling of the experiences of my cousin in the Armenian sufferings. They were driven from their homes and taken outside the city and were made to live in tents. After a while they were made to move and went on foot for miles and miles. They were refused to go to the river for water for fear the men would swim across and escape. In a short time they were made to move again, and this time they made the men and women be separate, the men going on before and the women following. After a short time the men were killed, and among them was my cousin.

After a few days we were ordered to move, and then we met another company of women and children who were naked, hungry and thirsty. In that company my cousin's wife found her brother's wife. She told her about their sufferings, and how they were nearly starved. She told that one day someone stole her child and took it out, killed it, and ate it. For three days she had been with a New Testament in one hand and in the other a portion of a horse's leg. This she took occasionally and held it over a fire till it would become soft, and then gnaw off a little of it and thus sustain her life.

My cousin's wife was at that time learning the Arabic language. With this to help her she went out and begged or bought bread for the people. When she returned one day the little daughter told her of a woman that had taken her own child and killed it, and then ate the child's flesh. She asked her mother of it, and whether she would do the same with her. Her mother assured her that she was safe as far as she was concerned. . . . It was hard to get water because their enemies were on the alert and would not allow them to get it, but at night, while their enemies slept, they would go out with any receptacle they could find and get water and then drink it during the daytime. A little later on the way there were some Arabic people came who had bread to sell, and if fortunate enough to have money, you were all right. The next thing that confronted them was, the Turks would not allow them to go out even to buy bread. Three pounds of wheat cost as high as five Turkish dollars. If they got out and bought any, the Turks would say that they had money or else they could not buy any wheat, and then strip them and search for money, and if not satisfied would beat them to death. Many people took money and swallowed it. One woman gave my cousin's wife some gold, but she took it and threw it into the river, because it was dangerous to have it in their possession at anytime.

One day we were told that we were to be taken back to our homes and we were indeed glad to be able to be relieved of all this suffering. On the way back we saw a band of orphan children and the Arabs swooped down upon them and killed them all. On the way we were met by the Arabs who stole our girls, and if anyone lagged behind they killed them. My cousin's wife was one of them. They shot her in the foot, but she forgot the pain and began to run to catch up with the rest. One day they came to a hill. At this place the Turks separated some from the rest and took them to the other side of the hill and killed them. In the meantime her suffering was so great that she wanted to die with the second bunch that would be taken out. They took them to the other side of the mountain, in which there was a cave. They threw them into it, but some of them did not die. The Arabs came along and hunted for the most beautiful of them and for money. They took one woman and cut open her stomach and there they found money valued in our currency at about $100.

One beautiful girl was asked by four Arabs to come with them, but upon her refusal, they cut off both her legs, then her arms, then took off her scalp, but yet she lived. She commended her soul into the hands of the Almighty, and prayed for God not to lay this sin to their charge. Her suffering was so intense that she called others to her side and asked them to kill her and end her misery. They refused to do so, and presently an Arab came along and killed her.

While there they came and took this relative of mine and roughly took her on the outside and commanded her to take off her clothes. She asked them to take her life, but they refused because she spoke the Arabic language. After this they wounded her seven times in the arms and she was helpless. While lying there helpless, the Arabs lit bushes and threw them down into the midst of those in the well or cave. "One of them crying was my own child. For four days I had lain there in that condition, wounded and naked. After that an Arab came and called for those who were still alive to come out to them and they would not kill them, but when the rest came out—nine beside myself—they took them all and threw them into the river. I was taken to the tent of the Arab, where I remained for about three months." Then she was taken and sold to a man for the price of two sheep.

"One day as I was tired and weary I was on the way to the meat market and was met by a young man. He asked me if I was not an Armenian and if I was not wanting to go to the priest's home. I went with him outside the city, and he took me and gave me to another Arab. This man was somewhat nomadic in his nature, and I was here and there and everywhere. I carried wood and water twice a day, worked in the home and ground the meal in a handmill. I became tired of this and then tried to run away.

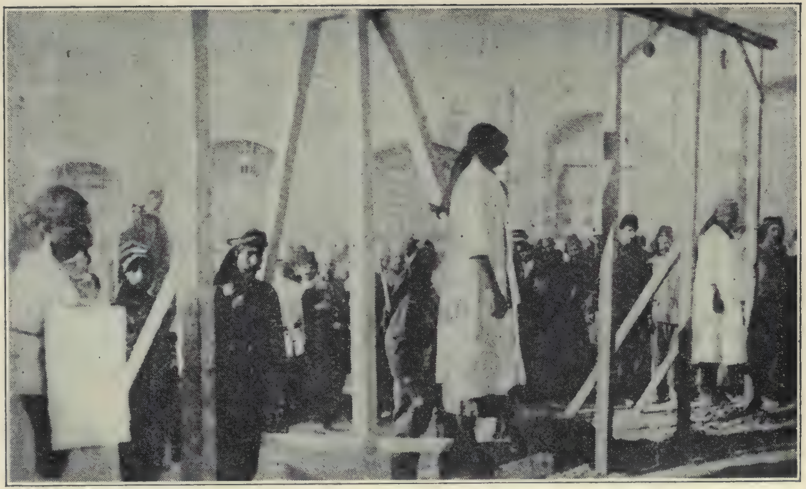
"I was not acquainted with the road, and I had some difficulty in getting away, but at last succeeded and got to a colony of Armenians. There was a man who had a sick wife, and I went to work for him. He had me to work in the home, carry water, work in the wheat fields, make bricks and build a house. After this was all over he turned me loose.

"Tired of this way of living, I married. Sometime later a couple died and left a child three or four months old, and we adopted it."

Experience of an Armenian Woman Now in Cincinnati

In this city I met an Armenian woman who told me the things which she had seen during the war and the treatment of the Armenian people. I give it in brief:

"One day there was a town crier announced that the men and boys were wanted to work for the government in the war as soldiers. But instead of them becoming soldiers they put them to work building railroads and other manual labor. They kept them a while and fed them good, and when they returned they told



Hanging Armenians Is a Very Common Occurrence how well they were treated, but afterward they called them again. They then put guns into the hands of the soldiers and they shot them."

In one town, this woman said, she saw them take a number of men and hang them with their heads downward and put them a few feet apart. The Turks took sticks and beat them every other hour, and then cut them down and took them outside the city and killed them with stones and knives and any device they could get up. Then they tore up the ground and placed them in graves.

But they were mistaken in one man. He had one day put some hard bread and eggs on his back, and when the Turks beat him and tried to cut him with stones, they were not doing him much damage. But they had beaten him unconscious. In this condition they thought him dead and took him and buried him. Eventually he came to and he felt there was quite a weight on him, and he wondered what was the reason for it. He began to work around as best he could and at last he was able to get above the ground, but he could not see nor speak. The ground was so hardened around his eyes and mouth and nose that he was hardly able to live. When he got it loose and saw where he was he hid in a small field of wheat for four or five days.

This woman who told these things was quite wealthy and after a short time she came to this country, to the Queen City of the West. She says that she cannot sleep well, is nervous and dreams all the time about the sufferings of these poor people.

Excerpts from a letter from Marash to this country:

"I received a letter on April 21, and heard you were well, and I want to tell you a little of the last persecution here.

"In 1915, while we were getting ready for commencement exercises, the government gave us something on a slip of paper. We did not know what it was. One morning early a crowd was marching outside the city with all kinds of music and revelry. The town crier called out that all who were eligible to be soldiers were to come to a certain place. We were glad to go as soldiers, and we prepared to go. We were sent to a place named ——.

"In this place the Turkish soldiers were persecuting the inhabitants of the town. Some of the young men would not stand for it and began to fight the Turkish soldiers. The Turks came in another way and took all the people out of the city and destroyed the city. The fight lasted for three days, and many Turks were killed. Some of the young men fled outside the city and took their guns with them. Later these men came to another town and there they started the war and killed many of the Turkish soldiers. This was reported to the Turkish Government and they sent soldiers, but the young men fled to the mountains again.

"We were told one night that in twenty-four hours there was not to be an Armenian left in the city. We were instructed to prepare to leave. In the morning the Turks came, and then we sold all the things that we did not want. They gave only one dollar for six hundred dollars worth of property. We had thus nothing left to eat, nowhere to go or stay. We were destitute.

"In the morning we were sent to the town hall. There we assembled and they sent them out in bands as fast as they could, but it was impossible to send them all out that day. Some of us were finding shelter in a house and we were instructed not to show ourselves outside the house.

"In 1916 we had some more experiences. I will relate them as briefly as possible. While we were in this house if we got any food we had no place to cook it. We were willing to work for a piece of bread a day, but we were not able to find work.

"We asked for a permit to leave the city and go glean in the fields. My brother and I received permission to go, and we went out to work. During this time there were some of the Armenians that were hanged and they were told to call on their God for deliverance. So some of the people were afraid to send their boys out of the city. They left their dead bodies hang there during the day and the next day some Armenians took them down and buried them."

I received the following letters from my cousin's wife, of whose sufferings you have already read:

Adana, April 14, 1919.

DEAR SON:

I think of you as my son, so I am writing you this letter. I am very glad that you are advancing spiritually.

The life we live in this world is too short and full of vanity with nothing in it, therefore we give it to Jesus, the only safe way.

After going through all this persecution I am praising the Lord, for my faith has become strong and I have come forth as gold.

I will never forget the life that I lived with your cousin. Truly it was a blessed one. I rejoice at the testimony he gave the last moment before he died. He gave me his New Testament and said, "Take this, for I am going home to heaven. You live for Jesus in my place." I promised to live for him. We cannot see each other in this world, but I have hope of seeing him in heaven.

September 23, 1919.

My Dear Son:

First, I want to know how you are. I am very well, but was terribly sick. The doctors gave me up. I cannot understand how the Lord has so wonderfully saved me from all temptation.

I receive much comfort from your letters. They make me rejoice in my heart. I have not received a letter like yours for six years. While I was reading your letter your cousin came into my mind. I could not help from weeping. His heart, as your's, was in the Lord's work, but he was butchered by the hand of the wolves (Turks). After all he found a resting place. My heart burns.

I have much to write to you, but my heart is full and my eyes are full of tears, so I can write no more. I remain praying for you.

CHAPTER XXIII

MISSIONARY GEMS

The Voice of Scripture

1. The Ground of Missionary Work:

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.)

"Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." (Luke 2:10.)

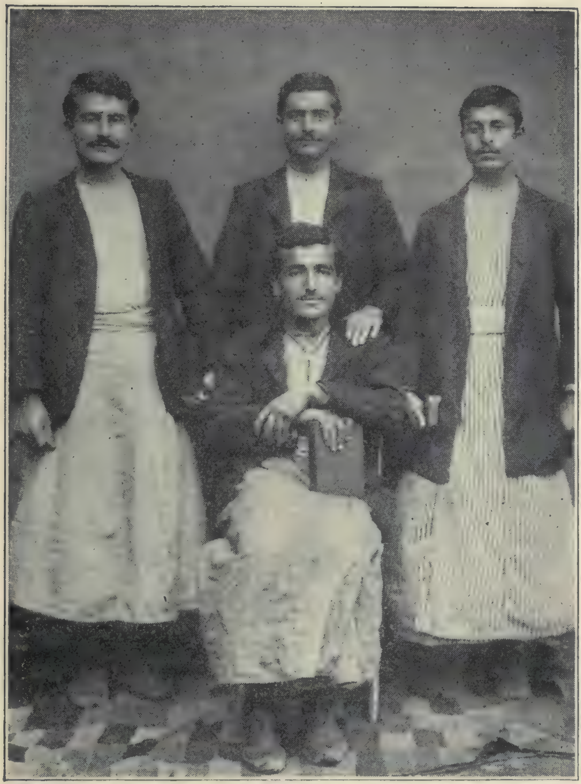
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15.)

2. The need of Missionary Work:

"The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy. There is none that doeth good, no not one." (Psa. 14:2-3.)

"Without Christ . . . having no hope, and without God in the world." (Eph. 2:12.)

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the



This is a group of Armenian Christian preachers of Marash City. Thousands were converted under their preaching. As with all Christians they were badly persecuted and put in jail, but the Lord wonderfully delivered them. P. Lazarian, the center character sitting down is presently in the United States, but expects to return to Armenia soon to preach the Gospel.

Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" (Rom. 10:13-15.)

"Come over and help us." (Acts 16:9.)

3. The Purpose of Missionary Work:

"To seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 15:10.)

"To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified." (Acts 26:18.)

4. Sin of standing aloof from Missionary Work:

"We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace." (2 Kings 7:9.)

"Curse ye Meros, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." (Judges 5:26.)

"I was afraid, and hid thy talent in the earth. . . . Thou wicked and slothful servant." (Matt. 25:25-26.)

5. Motive of Missionary Work:

"How much owest thou unto my Lord?" (Luke 16:5.)

"The love of Christ constraineth us." (2 Cor. 5:14.)

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." (2 Cor. 8:9.)

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" (Psa. 116:12)

6. Ways of helping Missionary Work:

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I: send me." (Isa. 6:8.)

"Ye also helping together by prayer for us." (2 Cor. 1:2.)

"Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." (Matt. 9:38.)

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." (1 Cor. 16:2.)

7. The spirit in which help should be given to Missionary Work:

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts 9:6.)

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." (Col. 3:23.)

"Not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." (2 Cor. 9:7.)

"The people rejoiced for that they offered willingly." (1 Chron. 29:9.)

"She hath done what she could." (Mark 14:8.)

8. The reward of a share in Missionary Work:

"The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." (Prov. 11:25.)

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came on me." (Job 29:13.)

"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matt. 25:23.)

9. The end of Missionary Work:

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24:14.)

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Heb. 2:14.)

"The kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever." (Rev. 11:15.)

11. Jesus Commands:

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations." (Matt. 28:18-19.)

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15.)

"And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke 24: 47.)

"As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." (John 20:21.)

"Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." (Acts 1:8.)

CHAPTER XXIV

MARTYRED ARMENIA

I received the accompanying pictures from a missionary just returned to my country. The first picture shows the condition of only one out of the thousands of children. There are thousands of others in similar conditions and they are suffering and dying because of lack of care and provision.

Would it not make your heart glad to be the means of bringing joy and gladness to some children like these? Children without clothes to cover their nakedness and protect them from the cold; without food to sustain their bodies, may be made glad and happy by your aid just as this girl was by the aid of someone else. Some of the conditions of the people are seen in the following extract from a letter I recently received from a missionary on November 20, 1919:

"We are glad to get back to our station after an absence of nearly five years, but the

Before Meeting the Missionary

After she found Christ.
Oh, what a change.

change would be hard to describe. Most of the city burnt to the ground, about two-thirds of the population gone, and many who remain without suitable food, clothes, beds and shelter. About eight thousand exiles have returned and the need in this city would be hard to describe. While the need for the outer man is great the need of real definite work along spiritual lines is still greater. One of the churches here has been repaired and services are now being held. A native pastor arrived recently to take charge of things and God is using him. He is a believer in experimental salvation and preaches it to his people.

"We are glad for the many open doors we have in this land and our greatest ambition is to be channels of blessings."

After seeing these pictures and reading this letter you will see that the needs are great. During the last war one million Armenians died from oppression and starvation. At the present time there are about one million left in Turkey. These all need help. Children are homeless, fatherless, motherless, friendless, without help, without clothes, without food, and practically without hope. Are you the one that is going to be "a friend to the friendless"? Are you the one that is going to bring sunshine to these stricken ones as someone did to this poor child in the picture?

There are many ways in which you may help. In the first place they need missionaries to carry on the work. They need churches, schools, orphanages and new homes. They need food and clothing. Beside this they must have religious literature and Bibles and also money with which to carry on the work. Above all, they need your prayers and the prayers of all the saints.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me." (Matt 25:40, 45.)

Now I must conclude. You have read of the lives of some of the Armenians, of their suffering and death during the last four or five years. Are you going to be faithful to your own conscience? Are you going to be father to the fatherless, mother to the motherless and friend to the friendless. Think of yourself in a free country, clothes to wear, a home in which to live, food to eat, schools to attend and churches in which to worship. Then think of the Armenians without food, or clothes, or shelter; without schools to educate their children and churches in which they may worship God. They are looking to you for a helping hand. Are you going to do your duty?

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; that which he hath given will he pay him again." (Prov. 19:17.)

"Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days." (Eccles. 11:1.)

"Then shall the King say unto them on the right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in:

"Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me." (Matt. 25:34-36.)

"Then shall he say also unto them on his left hand, Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink:

"I was a stranger and ye took me not in·

naked and ye clothed me not: sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." (Matt. 25:41-43.)

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." (Luke 6:38.)

"And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, What shall I do to inherit eternal life?

"He said unto him, What is written in the law? How readest thou?

"And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thy self.

"And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

"But he willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

"And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

"And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

"And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

"And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

"And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise." (Luke 10:25-37.)

To apply this. The certain man might be likened unto the Armenians, who fell among Turks, who are the thieves and robbers. The Priest and Levite are like hundreds of people today, who are passing by, enjoying themselves, and having a good time, while the Armenians, their neighbors, are starving and dying by the hundreds. You, my brother, may play the good Samaritan. Will you do it? The Lord bless you, and help you to see your duty. Armenia is looking to you. You, my brother, can save the life of some poor, starving Armenian child. You who are the only hope of that poor child, will you prove faithful to the charge?

"Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Rev. 2:10.)

May the Lord bestow upon thee His richest and most abundant blessing. Amen!

THE END

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